This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

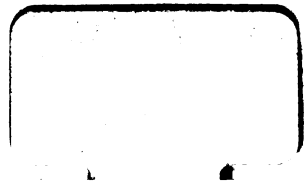
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 3433 04383 6794
C 10-2470
Howard, Anna K
Canadian elocutionist : designed for the



THE CANADIAN ELOCUTIONIST

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

Colleges, Schools and for Self Instruction.

14767

TOGETHER WITH

A COPIOUS SELECTION,

IN PROSE AND POETRY, OF

PIECES ADAPTED FOR READING, RECITATION AND PRACTICE.

"The manner of speaking is as important as the matter."—CHESTERFIELD.

BY

ANNA K. HOWARD, LL.B.,

[MISS ANNA HALLECK KELSEY].

Teacher of Elocution and English Literature.

Toronto:

ROSE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1885.

THE NEW YORK
PU[illegible]Y
432645B
A[illegible]D
TIL[illegible]NS
R[illegible]L

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, by HUNTER, ROSE & Co., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PREFACE.

THE principal object the author had in view in the preparation of this work, was to place in convenient form for the use, both of teachers and others, the principles, rules, illustrations and exercises, that she has found most useful and practical for the purpose of instruction, and best calculated to make good readers, and easy, graceful and correct speakers.

For this purpose the rules and advices have been simplified and divested, as much as possible, of all abstruse scientific terms, and made as simple and plain as could be done, having a due regard to the proper explanations requisite to make them easy to understand and not difficult to practise.

It is hoped that this system of instruction, which has been for some years very successfully employed by the compiler in her own practice, may prove a valuable aid to those who wish to pursue the study of the art.

The examples chosen to illustrate the rules have been taken with a due regard to their fitness to exemplify the principles involved, and to show the various styles of reading, declamation and oratory, and the selections have been made in such a manner as to adapt them for use in schools, colleges and for public reading.

TORONTO, *September 24th*, 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

OF the importance of the study of Elocution as part of a good education there can be no question. Almost every one is liable to be called upon, perhaps at a few minutes notice, to explain his views and give his opinions on subjects of various degrees of importance, and to do so with effect ease in speaking is most requisite. Ease implies knowledge, and address in speaking is highly ornamental as well as useful even in private life.

The art of Elocution held a prominent place in ancient education, but has been greatly neglected in modern times, except by a few persons—whose fame as speakers and orators is a sufficient proof of the value and necessity of the study. The Ancients—particularly the Greeks and the Romans—were fully conscious of the benefits resulting from a close attention to and the practice of such rules as are fitted to advance the orator in his profession, and their schools of oratory were attended by all classes; nor were their greatest orators ashamed to acknowledge their indebtedness to their training in the art for a large portion of their success. The Welsh Triads say "Many are the friends of the golden tongue," and, how many a jury has thought a speaker's arguments without force because his manner was so, and have found a verdict, against law and against evidence, because they

had been charmed into delusion by the potent fascination of some gifted orator.

As Quintilian remarks: "A proof of the importance of delivery may be drawn from the additional force which the actors give to what is written by the best poets; so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure than when we only read it. I think, I may affirm that a very indifferent speech, well set off by the speaker, will have a greater effect than the best, if destitute of that advantage;" and Henry Irving, in a recent article, says: "In the practice of acting, a most important point is the study of elocution; and, in elocution one great difficulty is the use of sufficient force to be generally heard without being unnaturally loud, and without acquiring a stilted delivery. I never knew an actor who brought the art of elocution to greater perfection than the late Charles Mathews, whose utterance on the stage was so natural, that one was surprised to find when near him that he was really speaking in a very loud key." Such are some of the testimonies to the value of this art.

Many persons object to the study of elocution because they do not expect to become professional readers or public speakers, but surely this is a great mistake, and they might as well object to the study of literature because they do not expect to become an author; and still more mischievous in its results is the fallacy, only too current even among persons of intelligence, that those who display great and successful oratorical powers, possess a genius or faculty that is the gift of nature, and which it

would be in vain to endeavour to acquire by practice, as if orators "were born, not made," as is said of poets.

The art of reading well is one of those rare accomplishments which all wish to possess, a few think they have, while others who see and believe that it is not the unacquired gift of genius, labour to obtain it, and it will be found that excellence in this, as in everything else of value, is the result of well-directed effort, and the reward of unremitting industry. A thorough knowledge of the principles of any art will enable a student to achieve perfection in it, so in elocution he may add new beauties to his own style of reading and speaking however excellent they may be naturally. But it is often said "Our greatest orators were not trained." But is this true? How are we to know how much and how laborious was the preliminary training each effort of these great orators cost them, before their eloquence thrilled through the listening crowds? As Henry Ward Beecher says: "If you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men in ancient times; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls—Demosthenes and Cicero—they all represent a life of work. You will not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one eminent man in any department of art, whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution which comes from study." So much for the importance of Elocution and the advantages of acquiring a proficiency therein.

A few remarks to those who are ambitious of excelling in the art may now be given, showing how they may best proceed in improving themselves therein.

The following rules are worthy of strict attention:— 1. Let your articulation be distinct and deliberate. 2. Let your pronunciation be bold and forcible. 3. Acquire a compass and variety in the height of your voice. 4. Pronounce your words with propriety and elegance. 5. Pronounce every word consisting of more than one syllable with its proper accent. 6. In every sentence distinguish the more significant words by a natural, forcible and varied emphasis. 7. Acquire a just variety of pause and cadence. 8. Accompany the emotions and passions which your words express, by corresponding tones, looks and gestures.

To follow nature is the fundamental rule in oratory, without regard to which, all other rules will only produce affected declamation not just elocution. Learn to speak slowly and deliberately, almost all persons who have not studied the art have a habit of uttering their words too rapidly. It should be borne in mind that the higher degrees of excellence in elocution are to be gained, not by reading much, but by pronouncing what is read with a strict regard to the nature of the subject, the structure of the sentences, the turn of the sentiment, and a correct and judicious application of the rules of the science. It is an essential qualification of a good speaker to be able to alter the height as well as the strength and the tone of his voice as occasion requires, so accustom

yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the highest to the lowest; but this subject is of such a nature that it is difficult to give rules for all the inflections of the voice, and it is almost, if not quite impossible to teach gesture by written instructions; a few lessons from a good and experienced teacher will do more to give a pupil ease, grace, and force of action than all the books and diagrams in the world. Action is important to the orator, and changes of action must accord with the language; the lower the language the slower should be the movements and *vice versa*, observing Shakespeare's rule: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." Study repose, without it, both in speech and action, the ears, eyes, and minds of the audience, and the powers of the speaker are alike fatigued; follow nature, consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of your heart. Whether you speak in a private room or in a great assembly, remember that you still speak, and speak *naturally*. Conventional tones and action have been the ruin of delivery in the pulpit, the senate, at the bar, and on the platform.

All public speaking, but especially acting and reciting, must be heightened a little above ordinary nature, the pauses longer and more frequent, the tones weightier, the action more forcible, and the expression more highly coloured. Speaking from memory admits of the application of every possible element of effectiveness, rhetorical and elocutionary, and in the delivery of a few great ac-

tors the highest excellence in this art has been exemplified. But speaking from memory requires the most minute and careful study, as well as high elocutionary ability, to guard the speaker against a merely mechanical utterance. Read in the same manner you would speak, as if the matter were your own original sentiments uttered directly from the heart. Action should not be used in ordinary reading.

Endeavour to learn something from every one, either by imitating, but not servilely, what is good, or avoiding what is bad. Before speaking in public collect your thoughts and calm yourself, avoiding all hurry. Be punctual with your audience, an apology for being late is the worst prologue.

Leave off before your hearers become tired, it is better for you that they should think your speech too short than too long.

Let everything be carefully finished, well-polished, and perfect. Many of the greatest effects in all arts have been the results of long and patient study and hard work, however simple and spontaneous they may have appeared to be.

Remember that the highest art is to conceal art, that attention to trifles makes perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

I.—PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PAGE

Calisthenics, ... 17
Walking, ... 19
Sitting, ... 20
Kneeling, ... 20

II.—BREATHING EXERCISES.

Directions for Breathing, ... 21

III.—ARTICULATION.

Articulation, ... 22

IV.—ELEMENTARY SOUNDS, ETC.

Elements, ... 24
Pronunciation and Accent, ... 27

V.—QUALITIES OF VOICE.

I. Pure, ... 28
II. Orotund, ... 30
III. Guttural, ... 34
IV. Tremor, ... 35
V. Aspirate, ... 37
VI. Falsetto, ... 39

VI.—FORCE.

I. Degrees.

I. Gentle, ... 41
II. Moderate, ... 42
III. Heavy, ... 43

PAGE

II. Variations of Force, or Stress.
I. Radical, ... 46
II. Median, ... 47
III. Vanishing, ... 48
IV. Compound, ... 49
V. Thorough, ... 50
VI. Semitone, ... 51
VII. Monotone, ... 51

VII.—TIME.

I. Moderate, ... 53
II. Quick, ... 54
III. Slow, ... 55

VIII.—PITCH.

I. Middle, ... 58
II. High, ... 59
III. Low, ... 60
IV. Transition, ... 62

IX.—PAUSES, INFLECTIONS, ETC.

I. Rhetorical pause, ... 64
II. Emphasis, ... 66
III. Climax, ... 68
IV. Inflection, ... 68
V. Circumflex or Wave, ... 69

X.—PERSONATION.

I. Personation, ... 70
II. Expression, ... 72

XI.—GESTURE.

I. Position of the Hand, ... 75
II. Direction, ... 76

XII.—INTRODUCTION TO AUDIENCE.

I. Introduction, ... 79
II. Advice to Students, ... 80

XIII.—GENERAL EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE. 83

PART II.

SELECTIONS FOR READING.

		PAGE
A Child's First Impression of a Star	*N. P. Willis.*	233
A Legend of Bregenz	*Adelaide A. Procter.*	318
A Modest Wit		329
A Prayer	*James Russell Lowell.*	356
A Slip of the Tongue		112
A Tarryton Romance		324
Advice to a Young Lawyer	*Story.*	104
An Autumn Day	*Bryant.*	353
An Order for a Picture	*Alice Cary.*	258
Ask Mamma	*A. M. Bell.*	281
Aunty Doleful's Visit		136
Baby's Visitor		355
Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata		247
Bells Across the Snow	*Frances Ridley Havergal.*	328
Brutus on the Death of Cæsar	*Shakespeare.*	267
Calling a Boy in the Morning		257
Cataline's Defiance	*Rev'd. George Croly.*	129
Christ Turned and Looked upon Peter	*Elizabeth B. Browning.*	261
Cuddle Doon	*Alexander Anderson.*	367
Curfew Must not Ring To-night		349
Dios Te Guarde		395
Domestic Love and Happiness	*Thomson.*	90
Drifting	*T. Buchanan Read.*	276
Elizabeth	*H. W. Longfellow.*	278
Eve's Regrets on Quitting Paradise	*Milton.*	234
Experience with European Guides	*Mark Twain.*	219
Fashionable Singing		142
First Experience		223
Gertrude of Wyoming	*Campbell.*	352
Ginevra	*Rogers.*	269
God, the True Source of Consolation	*Moore.*	312
Good-Bye	*Whyte Melville.*	378
Guilty or Not Guilty		283
Hagar in the Wilderness	*N. P. Willis.*	375
Hannah Binding Shoes	*Lucy Larcom.*	326
Highland Mary	*Burns.*	256
Home Song	*H. W. Longfellow.*	357
How We Hunted a Mouse	*Joshua Jenkins.*	150
How Women say Good-bye		237
I Remember, I Remember	*T. Hood.*	125

		PAGE
I'll Take What Father Takes	*W. Hoyle.*	307
In School Days	*Whittier.*	153
Jimmy Butler and the Owl		359
Keys	*Bessie Chandler.*	275
King John	*Shakespeare.*	200
Landing of Columbus	*Rogers.*	266
Little Bennie	*Annie C. Ketchum.*	294
Little Mary's Wish	*Mrs. L. M. Blinn.*	236
Love in Idleness	*Shakespeare.*	95
Makin' an Editor Outen O' Him	*Will. M. Carleton.*	379
Malibran and the Young Musician		100
Marmion and Douglas	*Sir W. Scott.*	127
Mary Maloney's Philosophy		332
Mary Stuart	*Schiller.*	161
Memory's Pictures	*Alice Cary.*	285
My Trundle Bed		300
Nay, I'll Stay With the Lad	*Lillie E. Barr.*	330
Never Give Up		126
Niagara	*John G. C. Brainard.*	226
No Kiss		275
Ocean	*W. Wetherald.*	117
On His Blindness	*Milton.*	92
On the Miseries of Human Life	*Thomson.*	97
Only Sixteen		292
Oration Against Cataline	*Cicero.*	399
Over the Hill from the Poor-House	*Will. M. Carleton.*	251
Papa Can't Find Me		286
Passing Away	*Pierpont.*	397
Paul's Defence before Agrippa	*Bible.*	98
Per Pacem ad Lucem	*Adelaide A. Procter.*	368
Poor Little Joe	*Peleg Arkwright.*	224
Poor Little Stephen Girard	*Mark Twain.*	147
Prayer	*Tennyson.*	218
Reading the List		235
Reflections on the Tomb of Shakespeare	*Irving.*	96
Rock of Ages	*F. L. Stanton.*	245
Roll Call		133
Romeo and Juliet	*Shakespeare.*	206
Sandalphon	*H. W. Longfellow.*	374
Santa Claus in the Mines		312
Satisfaction		300
Saved	*Mary B. Sleight.*	357
Scene at Niagara Falls	*Charles Tarson.*	346
Scenes from Hamlet	*Shakespeare.*	185, 188 and 190
Scenes from Leah the Forsaken		166-169

		PAGE
Scenes from Macbeth	*Shakespeare.*	194-198
Scenes from Pizarro	*Sheridan.*	172
Scene from Richelieu	*Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.*	393
Sim's Little Girl	*Mary Hartwell.*	216
Slander		296
Somebody's Mother		105
Song of Birds	*H. W. Longfellow.*	359
Sonnet	*James Russell Lowell.*	355
St. Philip Neri and the Youth	*Dr. Byrom.*	274
Temperance	*Rev. John Ireland.*	231
The Ague		339
The Approach to Paradise	*Milton.*	94
The Armada	*Macaulay.*	381
The Bald-Headed Man		231
The Battle of Agincourt	*Shakespeare.*	177
The Bishop's Visit	*Emily Huntington Miller.*	325
The Bridal Wine-Cup	*Sidney Herbert.*	158
The Chimes of S. S. Peter and Paul		138
The Dead Doll		134
The Death-Bed	*Thomas Hood.*	265
The Engineer's Story		139
The Faithful Housewife		392
The Famine	*H. W. Longfellow.*	107
The Field of Waterloo	*Lord Byron.*	156
The Fireman	*George M. Baker.*	240
The Foolish Virgins	*Tennyson.*	105
The Hired Squirrel	*Laura Sanford.*	264
The Hypochondriac		297
The Inexperienced Speaker		400
The Jester's Choice	*Horace Smith.*	261
The Kiss		103
The Last Hymn	*Marianne Farningham.*	123
The Last Station		272
The Launch of the Ship	*H. W. Longfellow.*	242
The Little Hatchet Story	*R. N. Burdette.*	119
The Little Hero		309
The Little Quaker Sinner		148
The Miniature		137
The Model Wife	*Ruskin.*	377
The Modern Cain	*E. Evans Edwards.*	114
The Newsboy's Debt		369
The Old Man in the Model Church	*John H Yates.*	341
The Old Soldier of the Regiment	*G. Newell Lovejoy.*	143
The Opening of the Piano	*O. W. Holmes.*	263
The Painter of Seville	*Susan Wilson.*	287

		PAGE
The Patriot's Elysium	*Montgomery.*	93
The Polish Boy	*Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.*	333
The Potion Scene (Romeo and Juliet)	*Shakespeare.*	211
The Quaker Widow	*Bayard Taylor.*	363
The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius	*Shakespeare.*	181
The Retort		294
The Rift of the Rock	*Annie Herbert.*	302
The Seasons	*Thomson.*	92
The Serenade		268
The Sioux Chief's Daughter	*Joaquin Miller.*	303
The Sister of Charity	*Owen Meredith.*	213
The Wedding Fee	*R. M. Streeter.*	238
The Whistler	*Robert Story.*	228
The World from the Sidewalk		254
The Worn Wedding Ring	*W. C. Bennett.*	130
The Young Gray Head	*Mrs. Southey.*	343
There's Nothing True but Heaven	*Moore.*	356
Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear	*Ruthven Jenkyns.*	338
Three Words of Strength	*Schiller.*	267
To Her Husband	*Anne Bradstreet.*	396
Tom	*Constance Fenimore Woolsen.*	229
Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice	*Shakespeare.*	385
Trusting		122
Wanted		311
Waterloo	*Lady Morgan.*	154
Wounded		227
Your Mission		299

TESTIMONIALS.

MISS KELSEY has given special attention to Reading and Elocution for a number of years. She has a powerful voice, with variety of expression. Miss Kelsey I know to be a lady of true Christian principles, ambitious to excel, and set a good example in Elocution and Literature. I commend her to those interested in this branch of learning.

ALLEN A. GRIFFITH,
Author of "Lessons in Elocution,"
And Professor of Elocution at State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Mich.

I have long known Professor Griffith, whose communication is enclosed. Such is his ability in his profession, and so large are his acquirements, and so just and broad his critical faculty, that I cannot commend Miss Kelsey in any way so well as by saying that I accept the Professor's judgment as most satisfactory. His opinion of her is reliable beyond question.

I have been pleased with Miss Kelsey's views on Elocution, as far as I can learn them from a single interview, and hope she may be successful in the profession she has chosen.

W. HOGARTH,
Late Pastor of Jefferson Ave. Presbyterian Church,
Detroit, Michigan.

35 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

MISS KELSEY has been under my instruction in Elocution, and I take pleasure in saying that she was so earnest in study, and so faithful in practice, that her proficiency was very great. I bespeak for her added success as a teacher; and from the repertoire which her recent study has given, new triumphs as a public reader.

ANNA RANDALL DIEHL,
Author of "Randall's Elocution," and "The Quarterly Elocutionist."

ANN ARBOR, November 3rd, 1880.

To whom it may concern:

I have known Miss Kelsey (now Mrs. William J. Howard) for upwards of two years, and have a high respect for her as a conscientious, cultivated

and agreeable lady, who is entitled to confidence and esteem. She has a good reputation as an Elocutionist, and I have no doubt would give valuable and faithful instruction to any one who may seek her aid.

(Signed) THOMAS M. COOLEY.

Professor of Law, Michigan University, and Judge of Supreme Court, Michigan.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

November 13th, 1880.

For several years Mrs. Anna K. Howard, (then Miss Kelsey) lived in Ann Arbor as a teacher of Elocution, and also as a student in one of our professional departments, and was known to me as very earnest in all her work.

I never had the pleasure of hearing her read or of witnessing any of her instructions in Elocution; but of her proficiency in both directions, I frequently heard very favourable reports.

MOSES COIT TYLER,

Professor of History in Cornell University, and author of "History of American Literature."

[*St. Catharines* (*Ont.*) *Times.*]

MISS KELSEY fairly took the audience by storm, being heartily encored. She is one of the best professional readers we have ever listened to.

[*Ann Arbor* (*Mich.*) *Courier.*]

MISS KELSEY'S manner is simple and graceful, or full of vigour and fire; her voice singularly sweet and flexible, or deep and sonorous at will. Miss K. has given readings in many of our important cities, and she always holds her audience spell-bound.

[*Grand Rapids* (*Mich.*) *Press.*]

MISS KELSEY is a lady of unusual talent; evidently understands her vocation. She fully sustained her reputation acquired elsewhere, and has made many friends in this city—her professional worth and professional merit being recognized—who will be pleased with another opportunity of listening to her readings should she thus favour them.

[*St. Thomas* (*Ont.*) *Times.*]

The readings of Miss Kelsey were the *piece de resistance* of the evening. This lady has a very sweet voice, and flexible, pure accentuation, and is altogether as good an elocutionist as we have ever heard. It was wonderful how distinctly her voice was heard all over the hall, though apparently making no effort. She was applauded with enthusiasm.

THE

CANADIAN ELOCUTIONIST.

CHAPTER I.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

GYMNASTIC and calisthenic exercises are invaluable aids to the culture and development of the bodily organs, for purposes of vocalization.

The organs of the voice require vigour and pliancy of muscle, to perform their office with energy and effect.

Before proceeding to the vocal gymnastics, it is indispensable, almost, to practice a series of muscular exercises, adapted to the expansion of the chest, freedom of the circulation, and general vitality of the whole system.

First, stand firmly upon both feet, hands upon the hips, fingers in front, head erect, so as to throw the larnyx directly over the wind-pipe in a perpendicular line; bring the arms, thus adjusted, with hands pressed firmly against the waist, back and down, six times in succession; the shoulders will be brought down and back, head up, chest thrown forward. Keeping the hands in this position, breathe freely, filling the lungs to the utmost, emitting the breath slowly. Now, bring the hands, clenched tightly, against the sides of the chest; thrust the right fist forward—keeping the head up and chest forward, whole body firm; bring it back, and repeat six times; left the same; then both fists; then right up six times; then left; then both; then right, down six times; left, the same; then both. Now clench the fists tightly, and

press them under the arm-pits, throwing the chest as well forward as possible, shoulders down and back, head erect; thrust the fists down the sides, and return, six times, with the utmost energy. Now, keeping the head, shoulders, and chest still the same, extend the hands forward, palms open and facing, bring both back as far as the bones and muscles of the shoulders will admit, without bending arms at elbows. Now, thrust the body to the right, knees and feet firm, and strike the left side with open palms, vigorously, repeat with body to the left. Now, with arms akimbo, thrust the right foot forward (kicking) with energy, six times; left same. Now, place the clenched fist in the small of the back with great force; throw the whole body backwards, feet and knees firm, filling the lungs to the utmost and uttering, as you go over, the alphabetical element, "*a*," then long "*o*," then long "*e*." If these movements have been made with great energy and precision, the blood is circulating freely, and the whole body is aglow, and you are ready now for vocal exercises.

These should be repeated daily with increasing energy.

The best time for practicing gymnastic exercises is either early in the morning or in the cool of the evening; but never immediately after meals.

As the feet and lower limbs are the foundation, we shall begin by giving their different positions. The student should be careful to keep the body erect.

A good voice depends upon the position, and the practice of Position and Gesture will prove a valuable aid in physical culture, and in acquiring a graceful address. There are two primary positions of the feet in speaking:

First.—The body rests on the left foot, right a little advanced, right knee bent.

Second.—The body rests on the right foot, the left a little advanced, left knee bent.

There are two other positions which are called secondary. They are assumed in argument, appeal or per-

suasion. The first secondary position is taken from the first primary by advancing the unoccupied foot, and resting the body upon it, leaning forward, the *left* foot brought to its support. The second secondary position is the same as the first with the body resting on the left foot. In assuming these positions the movements must be made with the utmost simplicity, avoiding all display or parade, and advancing, retiring or changing with ease and gracefulness, excepting when the action demands energy or marked decision. All changes must be made as lightly and as imperceptibly as possible, without any unnecessary sweep of the moving foot, and in all changes that foot should be moved first which does not support the weight of the body. All action should be graceful in mechanism and definite in expressiveness. The speaker should keep his place—all his motions may be easily made in one square yard, but the stage or dramatic action requires more extended movements.

WALKING.

In walking, the head and body should be carried upright, yet perfectly free and easy, with the shoulders thrown back, the knees should be straight, and the toes turned out. In the walk or march, the foot should be advanced, keeping the knee and instep straight, and the toe pointing downward; it should then be placed softly on the ground without jerking the body; and this movement should be repeated with the left foot, and the action continued until it can be performed with ease and elegance.

"In a graceful human step," it has been well observed, "the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of a wheel rolling forward, and the weight of the body, supported by the muscles of the calf of the leg, rests, for a time, on the fore part of the foot and toes. There is then a bending of the foot in a certain degree."

SITTING.

In reading, the student should sit erect, with both feet resting on the floor, and one foot slightly advanced, the head up so as to be able to use the whole trunk in respiration.

KNEELING.

To kneel gracefully, assume the first standing position resting the weight of the body on the right foot, then place the left knee gently down on the floor keeping the body perfectly erect, then bring the right knee down;—in rising, these motions are reversed, the right knee being raised first, the full weight of the body resting on it while rising, bring up the left knee and assume the first standing position. To be effective these motions should be very gracefully executed and a great deal of practice must be given to acquire freedom of action.

HOLDING THE BOOK.

The book should be held in the right hand by the side, standing in the first position then raise it and open it to place, pass it to the left hand letting the right hand drop by the side, the book being held so that the upper part of it is below the chin, so as to show the countenance, and permit the free use of the eyes, which should frequently be raised from the book and directed to those who are listening.

CHAPTER II.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

DEEP breathing with the lips closed, inhaling as long as possible, and exhaling slowly, is very beneficial.

Having inflated the lungs to their utmost capacity, form the breath into the element of long *o*, in its escape through the vocal organs. This exercise should be frequently repeated, as the voice will be strengthened thereby, and the capacity of the chest greatly increased. Do not raise the shoulders or the upper part of the chest alone when you breathe. Breathe as a healthy child breathes, by the expansion and contraction of abdominal and intercostal muscles. Such breathing will improve the health, and be of great assistance in continuous reading or speaking. Great care is necessary in converting the breath into voice. Do not waste breath; use it economically, or hoarseness will follow. Much practice on the vocal elements, with all the varieties of pitch, then the utterance of words, then of sentences, and finally of whole paragraphs, is necessary in learning to use the breath, and in acquiring judgment and taste in vocalizing. *Never speak when the lungs are exhausted. Keep them well inflated.*

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS FOR BREATHING.

1. Place yourself in a perfectly erect but easy posture; the weight of the body resting on one foot; the feet at a moderate distance, the one in advance of the other; the arms akimbo; the fingers pressing on the abdominal muscles, in front, and the thumbs on the dorsal muscles, on each side of the spine; the chest freely expanded and

fully projected; the shoulders held backward and downward; the head perfectly vertical.

2. Having thus complied with the preliminary conditions of a free and unembarrassed action of the organs, draw in and give out the breath very fully and very slowly, about a dozen times in succession.

3. Draw in a very full breath, and send it forth in a prolonged sound of the letter *h*. In the act of inspiration, take in as much breath as you can contain. In that of expiration, retain all you can, and give out as little as possible, merely sufficient to keep the sound of *h* audible.

4. Draw in a very full breath, as before, and emit it with a lively, expulsive force, in the sound of *h*, but little prolonged in the style of a moderate, whispered cough.

5. Draw in the breath, as already directed, and emit it with a sudden and violent explosion, in a very brief sound of the letter *h*, in the style of an abrupt and forcible, but whispered cough. The breath is, in this mode of expiration, thrown out with abrupt *violence*.

6. Inflate the lungs to their utmost capacity and exhale the breath very slowly, counting rapidly up to ten, as many times as possible with one breath.

Each of the above exercises should be repeated often, by the student, in his room, or while walking; and may be given with the gymnastic exercises previously introduced.

CHAPTER III.

ARTICULATION.

A GOOD articulation consists in a clear, full, and distinct utterance of words, in accordance with the best standard of pronunciation, and this constitutes the basis of every other excellence in reading and oratory.

Care and attention, with diligent practice, will keep young persons from falling into the bad habit of imperfect articulation, for most voices are good until domestic or local habits spoil them. Hence the great importance of careful training in early childhood, for if parents and instructors would direct their attention to this matter a manifest improvement would quickly follow; yet, to acquire a good articulation is not so difficult a task "as to defy the assaults of labour."

"The importance of a correct enunciation in a public speaker is well known—for if he possesses only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, he will be better understood and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance,—but the sound is dissipated in confusion; of the former voice, not the smallest vibration is wasted, every stroke is perceived even at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it often has the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated."

In connection with this subject, a few words are necessary concerning impediment of speech, for in cases where a slight degree of hesitation breaks the fluent tenor of discourse much may be accomplished by due care and attention, and most defects of speech, voice, and manner may be modified or remedied by cultivation and diligent study and practice.

In seeking for a remedy the first thing to be considered is the care of the health, for this is the foundation of every hope of cure, and all excesses should be avoided and all irregularities guarded against.

All the mental powers should be enlisted in the combat with the defect, and the student should speak with deliberation and with an expiring breath, and when alone practice frequently the words and letters that he finds most difficult to pronounce, and should also furnish his mind with a copious vocabulary of synonyms, so that if

he finds himself unable to utter a particular word, he may substitute some other in its place. But above all he must maintain a courageous command over himself and exert the energy of his own mind. By observing these rules, if the defect is not entirely eradicated, it will at least be palliated in a considerable degree.

CHAPTER IV.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE number of elements in the language is thirty-eight.

They are divided into *vowels*, *sub-vowels*, and *aspirates*; or, as classified by Dr. Rush in his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," into *tonics*, *sub-tonics*, and *atonics*.

There are fifteen *vowels*, fourteen *sub-vowels*, and nine *aspirates*.

Table of the Elements.

VOWELS.

A	as	heard	in	*a*le, f*a*te, m*a*y.
A	"	"	"	*a*rm, f*a*rm, h*a*rm.
A	"	"	"	*a*ll, f*a*ll, *o*rb.
A	"	"	"	*a*n, id*ea*, p*a*n.
E	"	"	"	*e*asy, im*i*tate, m*e*.
E	"	"	"	*e*nd, l*e*t, m*e*nd.
I	"	"	"	*i*sle, *i*ce, fl*y*, m*i*ne.
I	"	"	"	*i*n, p*i*n, *E*ngland.
O	"	"	"	*o*ld, m*o*re, *oa*ts.
O	"	"	"	*oo*se, l*o*se, t*o*, f*oo*l.

O " " " *on*, lock, not.
U " " " m*ew*, f*ew*, t*u*be, p*u*pil.
U " " " *u*p, t*u*b, h*e*r, h*u*rt.
U " " " f*u*ll, p*u*ll, w*o*lf.
OU " " " *ou*r, fl*ou*r, p*ow*er.

SUB-VOWELS.

B as heard in *b*ow, *b*oat, *b*arb.
D " " " *d*ay, bi*d*, *d*are.
G " " " *g*ay, fi*g*, *g*ilt.
L " " " *l*ight, *l*iberty, a*ll*.
M " " " *m*ind, stor*m*, *m*ate.
N " " " *n*o, o*n*, *n*ine.
NG " " " si*ng*, fi*ng*er, lo*ng*.
R " " " *r*oe, *r*are, o*r*b.
TH " " " *th*en, wi*th*, bene*th*.
V as heard in *v*ice, *v*ile, sal*v*e.
W " " " *w*oe, *w*ave, *w*orld.
Y " " " *y*oke, *y*e, *y*onder.
Z " " " *z*one, hi*s*, *Z*enophon.
ZH " " " a*z*ure, enclo*s*ure.

ASPIRATES.

F as heard in *f*ame, i*f*, li*ft*.
H " " " *h*e, *h*ut.
K " " " *k*ite, ca*k*e.
P " " " *p*it, u*p*, a*p*t.
S " " " *s*in, *c*ell, ye*s*.
SH " " " *sh*ade, *sh*ine, flu*sh*ed.
T " " " *t*ake, oa*t*s, i*t*.
TH " " " *th*in, tru*th*, mon*ths*.
WH " " " *wh*en, *wh*ich, *wh*at.

There are many words in which there are difficult combinations of the elements; they, as well as those in which the combinations are easy, should be practiced upon until

the pupil is able to articulate each element correctly. The following is a table of the *analysis* of *words*, in which there are easy and difficult combinations of elements. Let the pupil spell the words, uttering separately each *element*, and not the *name* of the word, as is the practice which generally obtains in our schools.

Table of the Analysis of Words.

WORDS.	ELEMENTS.	WORDS.	ELEMENTS.
ale,	a-l.	up,	u-p.
day,	d-a.	mouths,	m-ou-th-z.
fame,	f-a-m.	sky,	s-k-i.
crew,	k-r-u.	lamb,	l-a-m.
call,	k-a-l.	oak,	o-k.
deeds,	d-e-d-z.	eve,	e-v.
wool,	w-u-l.	once,	w-u-n-s.
isle,	i-l.	awe,	a.
dare,	d-a-r.	power,	p-ou-u-r.
ink,	i-ng-k.	mulcts,	m-u-l-k-t-s.
pause,	p-a-z.	John,	d-gh-a-n.
mow,	m-o.	objects,	o-b-d-jh-e-k-ts.
lose,	l-o-z.	thousandth,	th-ou-z-a-n-d-th.
pray,	p-r-a.	wives,	w-i-v-z.
spell,	s-p-e-l.	softness,	s-o-f-t-n-e-s.
twists,	t-w-i-s-t-s.	shrugged,	sh-r-u-g-d.
waste,	w-a-s-t.	themselves,	th-e-m-s-e-l-v-z.
awful,	a-f-u-l.	church,	t-sh-u-r-t-sh.

They were *wrenched* by the hand of violence.
The *strength* of his nostrils is *terrible.*
A gentle current *rippled* by.
Thou *barb'd'st* the dart by which he fell.
Arm'd, say ye? Arm'd, my lord!
He *sa*wed *six sl*eek *sl*im saplings.
It was strongly *urged* upon him.
Ami*dst* the mi*sts*, he thru*sts* his fi*sts* again*st* the po*sts*.
The swan swam over the sea; well swum, swan. The swan swam back again; well swum, swan.

PRONUNCIATION AND ACCENT.

PRONUNCIATION is the mode of enouncing certain words and syllables. As pronunciation varies with the modes and fashions of the times, it is sometimes fluctuating in particular words, and high authorities are often so much at variance, that the correct mode is hard to be determined; hence to acquire a correct pronunciation, this irregularity, whatever be the cause, must be submitted to.

Be very careful to give each letter its proper sound and avoid omitting or perverting the sound of any letter or syllable of a word, without some good authority.

The unaccentuated syllables of words are very liable to be either omitted, slurred or corrupted, and there is no word in the language more frequently and unjustly treated in this respect than the conjunction—*and.* It is seldom half articulated, although it is properly entitled to *three* distinct elementary sounds.

Heaven *a*nd earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

The Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold,
And *h*is cohorts were gleaming in purple *a*nd gold.

The word *and,* in these and similar examples, is commonly pronounced as if written *u*nd or *u*n, with an imperfect or partially occluded articulation of these elements; whereas, it ought always to be pronounced in such a manner that each of its own three elementary sounds, though in their combined state, may distinctly appear.

In pronouncing the phrase, "and his," not only the *a,* but the *h,* is, also, frequently suppressed, and the sound of the *d* is combined with that of the *i* following it; as if written thus, *u*nd *diz* cohorts, and so on. Many pronounce the phrase "are innocent," in the first example, as if written *a rinesunt.* This practice of suppressing

letters, and as it were melting words into indistinct masses, cannot be too cautiously guarded against.

Avoid the affectations and mis-pronunciations exemplified in the following list of words which are often mispronounced. Do not say—

Git	for	get.	Armst	for	arm'*d*st.
Hev	"	h*a*ve.	Gen'ral	"	gen'*e*ral.
Ketch	"	c*a*tch.	Sep'rate	"	sep'*a*rate.
Geth'er	"	g*a*th'er.	Mis'ries	"	mis'*e*ries.
Stid'y	"	st*e*ad'y.	Dif'frence	"	difference.
Good'niss	"	good'n*e*ss.	Ex'lent	"	ex'*ce*llent.
Hon'ist	"	hon'*e*st.	Comp'ny	"	com'p*a*ny.
Hun'durd	"	hund'r*e*d.	Liv'in	"	liv'*ing*.
Sav'ij	"	sav'*a*ge.	Lenth'en	"	L*eng*th'en.
Mawn'ing	"	m*o*rn'ing.	Chastisemunt	"	chastisement.
Cli'mit	"	cli'm*a*te.	Bereavemunt	"	bereavement.
Si'lunt	"	si'l*e*nt.	Contentmunt	"	contentment.
Souns	"	soun*d*s.	Offis	"	office.
Fiels	"	fiel*d*s.	Hevun	"	heaven.
Sof'ly	"	soft'ly.	Curosity	"	curiosity.
Kindl'st	"	kindl'*d*st.	Absolut	"	absolute, etc.

CHAPTER V.

QUALITIES OF VOICE.

By Quality of Voice is meant the kind of voice used to express sentiment.

There are two general divisions of quality: Pure and Impure. These are sub-divided into Pure, Deepened or Orotund, Guttural, Tremor, Aspirate, and Falsetto qualities.

PURE QUALITY.

The Pure or Natural tone is employed in ordinary speaking or descriptive language, and is expressed with

less expenditure of breath than any other quality of voice. It is entirely free from any impure vocal sound.

1.

"How calm, how beautiful a scene is this,—
When Nature, waking from her silent sleep,
Bursts forth in light, and harmony, and joy!
When earth, and sky, and air, are glowing all
With gayety and life, and pensive shades
Of morning loveliness are cast around!
The purple clouds, so streaked with crimson light,
Bespeak the coming of majestic day;—
Mark how the crimson grows more crimson still,
While, ever and anon, a golden beam
Seems darting out its radiance!
Heralds of day! where is that mighty form
Which clothes you all in splendour, and around
Your colourless, pale forms spreads the bright hues
Of heaven?—He cometh from his gorgeous couch,
And gilds the bosom of the glowing east!"

Margaret Davidson.

2.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,

For all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Goldsmith.

OROTUND QUALITY.

The Orotund is a highly improved state of the Natural voice, and is the quality most used, being far more expressive, as it gives grandeur and energy to thought and expression. This voice is highly agreeable, and is more musical and flexible than the common voice.

Dr. Rush defines the Orotund as that assemblage of eminent qualities which constitute the highest characteristic of the speaking voice. He describes it to be a full, clear, strong, smooth, and ringing sound, rarely heard in ordinary speech; but which is never found in its highest excellence, except by careful cultivation. He describes the fine qualities of voice constituting the Orotund in the following words:—

By a fullness of voice, is meant the grave or hollow volume, which approaches to hoarseness.

By a freedom from nasal murmur and aspiration.

By a satisfactory loudness and audibility.

By smoothness, or a freedom from all reedy or guttural harshness.

By a ringing sonorous quality of voice resembling certain musical instruments.

The possession of the power of this voice is greatly dependent on cultivation and management, and experiments have proved that more depends on cultivation than on natural peculiarity. Much care and labour are necessary for acquiring this improved condition of the

speaking voice, the lungs must be kept well supplied with breath, there must be a full expansion of the chest, causing the abdomen gently to protrude, the throat and the mouth must be kept well open so as to give free course to the sound. Never waste the breath, every pause must be occupied in replenishing the lungs, and the inhalation should be done as silently as possible, and through the nostrils as well as by the mouth.

Excellence in this quality of voice depends on the earnest and frequent practice of reading aloud with the utmost degree of force. The voice may be exerted to a great extent without fatigue or injury, but should never be taxed beyond its powers, and as soon as this strong action can be employed without producing hoarseness, it should be maintained for half an hour at a time.

This practice is very beneficial to the health, especially if prosecuted in the open air, or in a large, well ventilated room, and if pursued regularly, energetically, and systematically, the pupil will be surprised and delighted at his rapid progress in this art, and his voice, from a condition of comparative feebleness, will soon develop into one of well-marked strength, fullness, and distinctness.

1.

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet!—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!—
And they, too, have a voice,—yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Coleridge.

2.

The hoarse, rough voice, should like a torrent roar.

3.

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Macaulay.

4.

"Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

Sir Walter Scott.

5.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom!
Advance our standards, set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage—fair Saint George—
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms!

Shakespeare.

6.

And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king? and to enrage the more
Thy King and Lord! *Back* to thy *pun*ishment,
*False fug*itive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

Milton.

7.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair!—Thyself how wondrous, then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
Midst these, thy lowest works!
Yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought,
And power divine!

8.

An hour passed on:—the Turk awoke:—
That bright dream was his last;—
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms!—they come!—the Greek, the Greek!"
He woke—to die, 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast.

Like forest-pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
Heaven—and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Halleck.

GUTTURAL QUALITY.

The Guttural Quality is used in expressing the strongest degree of contempt, disgust, aversion, revenge, etc. Its characteristic is an explosive resonance in the throat, producing a harsh and grating sound, and its expression can be used in all the various tones, giving to them its own peculiar character.

This quality, is, however, of rare occurrence, and needs less cultivation than the other qualities.

1.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Shakespeare.*

2.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest:—Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him! *Shakespeare.*

3.

Thou stands't at length before me undisguised—
Of all earth's grovelling crew, the most accursed.
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon! Thou scum! thou reptile!

4.

"And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your Lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer—
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou has't lied!"

Sir Walter Scott.

TREMOR QUALITY.

The Tremor Quality is used in expressing pity, grief, joy, mirth, etc., and its characteristic is a frequent rise and

fall of the voice, and a more delicate exercise of that particular vibration in the throat, known as "gurgling." It is apparent in extreme feebleness, in age, exhaustion, sickness, fatigue, grief, and even joy, and other feelings in which ardour or extreme tenderness predominate.

1.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;—
Oh, give relief, and heaven will bless your store!

2

The king stood still till the last echo died; then, throwing off the sackcloth from his brow, and laying back the pall from the still features of his child, he bowed his head upon him, and broke forth in the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die! Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair! that death should settle in thy glorious eye, and leave his stillness in thy clustering hair! How could he mark thee for the silent tomb, my proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill, as to my bosom I have tried to press thee! How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill, like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee, and hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from those dumb and cold lips, Absolom!

"But death is on thee! I shall hear the gush of music and the voices of the young; and life will pass me in the mantling blush, and the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—but thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come to meet me, Absalom!"

N. P. Willis.

3.

Noble old man! He did not live to see me, and I—I —did not live to see *him.* Weighed down by sorrow and

disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born.

But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our gain.

Mark Twain.

4.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress.
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour, perhaps
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As joined in injuries, one enmity,
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent!

Milton.

ASPIRATE QUALITY.

The Aspirate Quality is used in the utterance of secrecy and fear, and discontent generally takes this quality.

Its characteristic is distinctness, therefore exercises on this voice will prove invaluable to the pupil and deep inhalations are indispensable.

The aspirate is usually combined with other qualities and the earnestness and other expressive effects of aspiration may be spread over a whole sentence or it may be restricted to a single word.

The aspirate quality is entitled to notice as a powerful agent in oratorical expression, and the whispered utterances of any well disciplined voice will be heard in the

remotest parts of a large theatre, and the voice is greatly strengthened by frequent practice in this quality.

1

Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river! We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats! I see the head of their column already rising over the height! Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it—be silent—and stoop as you run! For the boats! Forward!

2.

MACBETH. I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY M. Donaldbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight. [*Showing his hands.*

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep. *Shakespeare.*

3.

"Pray you tread softly,—that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall: we are now near his cell.
Speak softly!
All's hushed as midnight yet.
See'st thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise! and enter."
Shakespeare.

4.

Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his death: he never was handsome; and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wish'd you very well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man, cheek by jowl with me.

FALSETTO QUALITY.

The Falsetto Quality is used in expressing terror, pain, anger, affection, etc. Some people speak altogether in falsetto, especially those who are not careful in pronunciation. It is harsh, rude, and grating, and is heard in the whine of peevishness, in the high pitch of mirth, and in the piercing scream of terror.

1.

I was dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in mortal agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria Ann was perched upon a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "*Shoo—shoo,*" in a general manner to everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "*O, Joshua, a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—shoo—horrid mouse, and it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go away—shoo—Joshua—shoo—kill it—oh, my—shoo.*

2.

SIR PETER.—Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it
LADY TEAZLE.—Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or

not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will, too. What though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR P.—Very well, ma'am, very well!—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

LADY T.—Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sheridan.

3.

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye, it was a rat."

CHAPTER VI.

FORCE.

FORCE refers to the strength or power of the voice, and is divided into forms and degrees. Very particular attention should be given to the subject of force, since that *expression*, which is so very important in elocution, is almost altogether dependent on some one or other modification of this attribute of the voice. It may truly be considered the light and shade of a proper intonation. Force may be applied to sentences or even to single words, for the purpose of energetic expression.

The degrees of force are Gentle, Moderate, and Heavy.

GENTLE FORCE.

The Gentle Force is used in expressing tenderness, love, secrecy, caution, etc., and the lungs must be kept thoroughly inflated, especially in reverberating sounds.

1.

"Heard you that strain of music light,
Borne gently on the breeze of night,—
So soft and low as scarce to seem
More than the magic of a dream?
Morpheus caught the liquid swell,—
Its echo broke his drowsy spell.
Hark! now it rises sweetly clear,
Prolonged upon the raptured ear;—
Sinking now, the quivering note
Seems scarcely on the air to float;
It falls—'tis mute,—nor swells again;—
Oh! what wert thou, melodious strain?"

Mrs. J. H. Abbot.

2.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Pierpont.

3.

Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

E. A. Poe.

MODERATE FORCE.

The Moderate Force is used in ordinary conversation and unemotional utterances.

1.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulders like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, reveal'd a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasp'd
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
Her beautiful dark Jewish eyes to heaven,
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
Her lips were slightly parted, like the cleft
Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve,
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
Its surface was so polish'd. She was stilling
Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the white rose
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swell'd,
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light

To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love,
She looked like one to die for it—a being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections.

N. P. Willis.

2.

Oh! sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

3.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespeare.

HEAVY FORCE.

Heavy Force, is used in giving the language of command, exultation, denunciation, defiance, etc., and in using this force the lungs must be inflated to their utmost capacity.

In giving the accompanying examples the student must exert every energy of the body and mind, and by earnest practice he will increase the power and flexibility of his voice to a surprising extent, and also acquire a distinctness of tone and earnestness of manner, that will serve him well, as a public speaker.

1.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished! I thank you for't! It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But now, my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities!
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful—for this, all thanks:
He dares not touch a hair of Cataline!

"Traitor!" I go—but I return. This—trial?
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel!
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!—
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

George Croly.

2.

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;—
The *hand* of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And "This to me!" he said,—
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!"

Sir Walter Scott.

3.

What man dare, I dare!
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword!
Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

Shakespeare.

VARIATIONS OF FORCE OR STRESS.

These are known as the Radical, Median, Vanishing, Compound, and Thorough stress.

RADICAL STRESS.

This is used in expressing lively description, haste, fear, command, etc., and consists of an abrupt and forcible utterance, usually more or less explosive, and falls on the first part of a sound or upon the opening of a vowel, and its use contributes much to distinct pronounciation. It is not common to give a strong, full and clear radical stress, yet this abrupt function is highly important in elocution, and when properly used in public reading or on the stage "will startle even stupor into attention." It is this tone that prompts children to obedience, and makes animals submissive to their masters.

1.

Out with you!—and he went out.

2.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea!

Bryant.

3.

But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is! it is! the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated! Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

Byron.

MEDIAN STRESS.

The Median Stress is used in the expression of grandeur' sublimity, reverence, etc., and smoothness and dignity are its characteristics, for it gives emphasis without abruptness or violence. In using this stress, there is a gradual increase and swell in the middle of a sound, and a subsequent gradual decrease—thus giving a greater intensity of voice and dignity of expression than Radical Stress.

1.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, *roll.*

Byron.

2.

We *praise* thee, O God, we acknowledge *thee* to be the *Lord.*

3.

Father! Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof; Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth; and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,—
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker!

Bryant.

4.

How are the mighty fallen! Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel! How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle! O Jonathan! thou wast slain in thine high places! How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

THE VANISHING STRESS.

The Vanishing Stress occurs as its name implies at the end or closing of a sound or vowel, and is used in expressing disgust, complaint, fretfulness, ardour, surprise, etc. The sound is guttural, and sometimes terminates in sobbing or hic-cough. It has less dignity and grace than the gradual swell of the Median Stress.

1.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; 'tis you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always does: but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for.

Douglas Jerrold.

2.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,

To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
BRU. Go to! you are not, Cassius.
CAS. I am.
BRU. I say you are not!
CAS. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther!
BRU. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
CAS. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?
BRU. If you did, I care not!
CAS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me!
BRU. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him?
CAS. I durst not?
BRU. No.
CAS. What! durst not tempt him?
BRU. For your life, you durst not!
CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Shakespeare.

COMPOUND STRESS.

Compound Stress is the natural mode of expressing surprise, and also—though not so frequently—of sarcasm, contempt, mockery, etc. In using this stress the voice, with more or less explosive force, touches strongly and distinctly on both the opening and closing points of a sound or vowel, and passes slightly and almost imperceptibly over the middle part.

1.

Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanche, and Blanche these provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard,—
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It can not be;—thou dost but say 'tis so.

Shakespeare.

2.

JULIA. Why! do you think I'll work?
DUKE. I think 'twill happen, wife.
JULIA. What, rub and scrub your noble palace clean?
DUKE. Those taper fingers will do it daintily.
JULIA. And dress your victuals (if there be any)? O, I shall go mad.

Tobin.

THOROUGH STRESS.

Thorough Stress is used in expressing command, denunciation, bravado, braggadocio, etc. This stress has a degree of force a little stronger than the compound stress, and it is produced by a continuation of the full volume of the voice throughout the whole extent of the sentence. When the time is short the tone resembles that of uncouth rustic coarseness.

1.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

2.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain':
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder'.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,

As awaked from the dead;
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge! revenge.

Dryden.

SEMITONE.

The progress of pitch through the interval of a half tone. It is called also the Chromatic melody, because it expresses pity, grief, remorse, etc. It may colour a single word, or be continued through an entire passage or selection.

1.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, "I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—tell poor papa—"my soul to keep,
If I"—how cold it seems, how dark, kiss me, I cannot see,--
The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year dies with me.

The Semitone is very delicate, and must be produced by the nature of the emotion. An excess, when the mood or language does not warrant it, turns pathos into burlesque, and the scale may very easily be turned from the sublime to the ridiculous. Strength, flexibility, and melody of voice are of little worth if the judgment and taste are defective.

MONOTONE

Is a sameness of the voice, indicating solemnity, power, reverence, and dread. It is a near approach to one continuous tone of voice, but must not be confounded with monotony. Much of the reading we hear is monotonous in the extreme, while the judicious use of the monotone would sufficiently vary it, to render it attractive. Monotone is of great importance in reading the Bible, the beautiful words of the Church Service, and in prayer, and

the haste with which these solemn words are often slurred over, is much to be deplored. Monotone is usually accompanied by slow time, and it is, in fact, a low Orotund.

1.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Bible.

2.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. ——
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled—
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature, with Thy northern blast.

Thomson.

3.

Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's off'rings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch,—thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth!
Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror for the time
Which now suits with it. *Shakespare.*

CHAPTER VII.

TIME.

THE varieties of movement in utterance are expressed by Time, which is the measure of the duration of the sounds heard in speech, and it is divided into three general divisions; viz.—Moderate, Quick and Slow time, these being sub-divided by the reader, according to the predominate feeling which the subject seems to require.

Time and Stress, properly combined and marked, possesses two essential elementary conditions of agreeable discourse, upon which other excellences may be engrafted. If either be feebly marked, other beauties will not redeem it. A well-marked stress, and a graceful extension of time, are essential to agreeable speech, and give brilliancy and smoothness to it.

MODERATE TIME.

1. Moderate is the rate used in narrative or conversational style.

1.

O bright, beautiful, health-inspiring, heart-gladdening water! Every where around us dwelleth thy meek presence—twin-angel sister of all that is good and precious here; in the wild forest, on the grassy plain, slumbering in the bosom of the lonely mountain, sailing with viewless wings through the humid air, floating over us in curtains of more than regal splendour—home of the healing angel, when his wings bend to the woes of this fallen world.

Elihu Burritt.

2.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair!
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice, was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

Collins.

3.

Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his; that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot,—walk by his side, an outcast,—
Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

QUICK TIME.

Quick Time is used in haste, joy, humour, also in anger, and in exciting scenes of any kind.

1.

Look up! look up, Pauline! for I can bear
Thine eyes! the stain is blotted from my name,
I have redeemed mine honour. I can call
On France to sanction thy divine forgiveness.
Oh, joy! oh rapture! by the midnight watchfires
Thus have I seen thee! thus foretold this hour!
And 'midst the roar of battle, thus have heard
The beating of thy heart against my own!

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

2.

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

Sir Walter Scott.

3.

They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—my breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:

Byron.

SLOW TIME.

Slow Time is used in all subjects of a serious, deliberate, and dignified character, in solemnity, and grandeur, reverential awe, earnest prayer, denunciation, and in all the deeper emotions of the soul.

1.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not!—and yet I see thee still!
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind—a false creation,
Proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw!
Thou marshll'st me the way that I was going!
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still!
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood!

Shakespeare.

2

Alon. (c.) For the last time, I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O Sun! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall, which—No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reck'ning of the hours and days, which thou hast breathed: a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line; by deeds, not years. Then would'st thou murmur not, but bless the Providence, which, in so short

a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings, to the helpless and oppressed! Though sinking in decrepit age, he prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

Sheridan.

3

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, —for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

Ossian.

CHAPTER VIII.

PITCH.

PITCH is the degree of elevation or depression of sound. On the proper pitching of the voice depends much of the ease of the speaker, and upon the modulation

of the voice depends that variety which is so pleasing and so necessary to relieve the ear, but no definite rules can be given for the regulation of the pitch,—the nature of the sentiment and discriminating taste must determine the proper key note of delivery. He who shouts at the top of his voice is almost sure to break it, and there is no sublimity in shouting, while he who mutters below the proper key note soon wearies himself, becomes inaudible, and oppresses his hearers. Pitch is distinguished as Middle, High, and Low.

MIDDLE PITCH.

The Middle Pitch is used in conversational language, and is the note that predominates in good reading and speaking.

1

A free, wild spirit unto thee is given,
  Bright minstrel of the blue celestial dome!
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
  And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeam's home;
And, soaring upward, from thy dizzy height,
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight.

Welby.

2

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith.

HIGH PITCH.

High Pitch indicates command, joy, grief, astonishment, etc. To obtain a good control of the voice in a high pitch, practice frequently and energetically with the greatest force and in the highest key you can command. Do not forget to drop the jaw, so as to keep the mouth and throat well open, and be sure to thoroughly inflate the lungs at every sentence, and if the force requires it even on words. Do not allow the voice to break into an impure tone of any kind, but stop at once, rest for a short time and then begin again. The following examples are excellent for increasing the compass and flexibility of the voice, and the pupil must practice them frequently and with sustained force.

1.

"The game's afoot,
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England and Saint George!'"

Shakespeare.

2.

Ring! Ring!! Ring!!!

3.

MELNOTTE. Look you our bond is over. Proud conquerors that we are, we have won the victory over a simple girl—compromised her honour—embittered her life—blasted in their very blossoms, all the flowers of her youth. This is your triumph,—it is my shame! Enjoy that triumph, but not in my sight. I *was* her betrayer—I *am* her protector! Cross but her path—one word of scorn, one look of insult—nay, but one quiver of that mocking lip, and I will teach thee that bitter word thou hast graven eternally in this heart—*Repentance!*

BEAUSEANT. His Highness is most grandiloquent.

MELNOTTE. Highness me no more! Beware! Remorse has made me a new being. Away with you! There is danger in me. Away!

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

4.

Up, comrades, up!—in Rokeby's halls,
Ne'er be it said our courage falls!

Sir Walter Scott.

5.

To arms! To arms!! a thousand voices cried.

6.

The combat *deepens!* On ye *brave!*
Who rush to *glory* or the *grave.*

Campbell.

7.

Charcoal! Charcoal! Charcoal!

8.

Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

LOW PITCH.

Low Pitch is used to express grave, grand, solemn, and reverential feelings, and is very effective in reading.

To obtain a good control of the voice in Low Pitch, first practice the examples given under the High Pitch, until you are fatigued, then after resting the lungs and vocal organs, practice the lowest and deepest tone you can command, giving, however, a full clear and resonant sound.

1.

Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not 'seems,'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within that passes show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Shakespeare.

2.

Then the earth shook and trembled: the foundations of Heaven moved and shook, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils; and fire out his mouth devoured; coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind; and he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered his voice; and he sent out arrows and scattered them; lightning and discomfited them. And the channels of the sea appeared; the foundations of the world were discovered at the rebuking of the Lord, at the blast of the breath of his nostrils.

3.

I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away.

Shakespeare.

4.

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;

Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Three-in-One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

Derzhaver.

TRANSITION.

Transition signifies a sudden change in the force, quality, movement, or pitch of the voice, as from a subdued to a very high tone, from a slow to a rapid rate of utterance, and also the reverse of these movements. It also refers to changes in the style of delivery, as from a persuasive to the declamatory, etc., and to the expression of passion or emotion, as from grief to joy, from fear to courage, etc.

Transition thus forms a very important part in vocal culture, and public speakers often ask the question: "How can I modulate my voice?" for they are well aware that nothing relieves the ear more agreeably than a well regulated transition, for who has not been bored by listening to a speaker whose voice throughout has been pitched in one monotonous tone, either too high or too low? A change of delivery is also necessary when a new train of thought is introduced, for pitch, tone, quality, time, and force should all be changed in conformity with the changes of sentiment. No definite rules can be laid down in relation to the proper management of the voice in transition which would be intelligible without the living teacher to exemplify them. Constant practice must be persevered in to enable the pupil to make the necessary transitions with skill and ease.

[This selection demands the entire range of the speaking voice, in pitch—all qualities, and varied force.]

Hark! the alarm bell, 'mid the wintry storm!
Hear the loud shout! the rattling engines swarm.
Hear that distracted mother's cry to save
Her darling infant from a threatened grave!
That babe who lies in sleep's light pinions bound,
And dreams of heaven, while hell is raging round!
Forth springs the Fireman—stay! nor tempt thy fate!—
He hears not—heeds not,—nay, it is too late!
See how the timbers crash beneath his feet!
O, which way now is left for his retreat?
The roaring flames already bar his way,
Like ravenous demons raging for their prey!
He laughs at danger,—pauses not for rest,
Till the sweet charge is folded to his breast.
Now, quick, brave youth, retrace your path;—but lo!
A fiery gulf yawns fearfully below!
One desperate leap!—lost! lost!—the flames arise
And paint their triumph on the o'erarching skies!
Not lost! again his tottering form appears!
The applauding shouts of rapturous friends he hears?
The big drops from his manly forehead roll,
And deep emotions thrill his generous soul.
But struggling nature now reluctant yields;
Down drops the arm the infant's face that shields,
To bear the precious burthen all too weak;
When, hark!—the mother's agonising shriek!
Once more he's roused,—his eye no longer swims,
And tenfold strength rëanimates his limbs;
He nerves his faltering frame for one last bound,—
"Your child!" he cries, and sinks upon the ground!

And his reward you ask;—reward he spurns;
For him the father's generous bosom burns,—
For him on high the widow's prayer shall go,—
For him the orphan's pearly tear-drop flow.
His boon,—the richest e'er to mortals given,—
Approving conscience, and the smile of Heaven!

CHAPTER IX.

PAUSES.

"A PAUSE is often more eloquent than words." The common pauses necessary to be made, according to the rules of punctuation, are too well known to require any particular notice here, they serve principally for grammatical distinctions, but in public reading or speaking other and somewhat different pauses are required.

The length of the pause in reading must be regulated by the mood and expression and consequently on the movement of the voice, as fast or slow; slow movements being accompanied by long pauses, and livelier movements by shorter ones, the pause often occurring where no points are found—the sense and sentiments of the passage being the best guides.

"How did Garrick speak the soliloquy, last night?"—"Oh! against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus —— stopping, as if the point wanted settling; and betwixt the nominative case, which, your lordship knows, should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths by a stop-watch, my lord, each time." "Admirable grammarian!—But, in suspending his voice,—was the sense suspended?—Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?"—"I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord!"—"Excellent observer!"

Sterne.

A Rhetorical Pause—is one not dependent on the grammatical construction of a sentence, but is a pause made

to enable the speaker to direct attention to some particular word or phrase, and is made by suspending the voice either directly before or after the utterance of the importtant phrase. In humorous speaking the pause is generally before the phrase, as it awakens curiosity and excites expectation; while in serious sentiments it occurs after and carries the mind back to what has already been said.

A pause of greater or less duration is always required whenever an interruption occurs in the progress of a thought, or the uniform construction of a sentence, as in the case of the dash, the exclamation, the parenthesis, etc. In these cases the mind is supposed to be arrested by the sudden change of sentiment or passion. It is necessary in most cases to make a short pause just before the parenthesis, which read more rapidly, and in a more subdued tone; when the parenthesis is concluded, resume your former pitch and tone of voice.

EXAMPLES OF RHETORICAL PAUSES.

(1.) After the subject of a sentence:
Wine | is a mocker.

(2.) After the subject-phrase:
The fame of Milton | will live forever.

(3.) When the subject is inverted:
The best of books | is the Bible.

(4.) Before the prepositional phrase:
The boat is sailing | across the river.

(5.) After every emphatic word:
William | is an honest boy.
William *is* | an honest boy.
William is an *honest* | boy.

(6.) Whenever an ellipsis occurs:
This | friend, that | brother,
Friends and brothers all.

(7.) In order to arrest the attention:
The cry was | peace, peace!

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis generally may be divided into two classes—Emphasis of sense and Emphasis of feeling. Emphasis relates to the mode of giving expression; properly defined it includes whatever modulation of the voice or expedient the speaker may use, to render what he says significant or expressive of the meaning he desires to convey, for we may, by this means, give very different meanings to our sentences, according to the application of emphasis. For instance, take the sentence—"Thou art a man." When delivered in a cool and deliberate manner, it is a very plain sentence, conveying no emotion, nor emphasis, nor interrogation. But when one of the words is emphasized, the sentence will be very different from what it was in the first instance; and very different, again, when another word is made emphatic; and so, again, whenever the emphasis is changed, the meaning is also changed: as, "THOU art a man." That is *thou* in opposition to another, or because *thou* hast proved thyself to be one. "Thou art a MAN." That is a *gentleman*. "Thou ART a man." That is, in opposition to "thou *hast been* a man," or "thou *wilt be* one." "Thou art A man." That is, in opposition to *the* man, or a *particular* man.

Then, again, the sentence may be pronounced in a very *low* tone of voice, and with force or without force. It may be raised uniting a good deal of stress, or without stress; and then, again, it may be heard with the greatest force, or with moderate force. Each of these latter modes of intonation will make a very different impression on an audience, according to the employment of the other elements of expression, with that of the general pitch.

In addition to these, the sentence may be pronounced in a very *low and soft* tone, implying kindness of feeling. Then, in a *whisper*, intimating secrecy or mystery. It may be heard on the SEMITONE, high or low, to communicate different degrees of pathos. And then, again, the TREMOR

may be heard on one or all of the words, to give greater intensity to other elements of expression which may be employed. As, also, a GUTTURAL emphasis may be applied to express anger, scorn, or loathing. These are some of the different meanings which may be given to this sentence of four words by the voice. A good reader, or speaker, then, ought not only to be able to sound every word *correctly;* he ought to know, always, the EXACT *meaning* of what he reads, and *feel* the sentiment he utters, and also to know HOW to give the *intended* meaning and emotion, when he *knows* them.

By *practice* upon the different exercises herein, the student will not fail to recognize the emotion from the sentiment, *and will be able to give it.*

Emphasis of feeling is suggested and governed entirely by emotion, and is not strictly necessary to the sense, but is in the highest degree expressive of sentiment.

1. *On!* ON! you noble English.
2. *Slaves!* TRAITORS! have ye flown?
3. To *arms!* to ARMS! ye braves?
4. Be *assured,* be ASSURED, that this declaration will stand.
5. *Rise,* RISE, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
6. To *arms!* to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry.
7. *Hurrah* for bright water! HURRAH! HURRAH!
8. I *met* him, FACED him, SCORNED him.
9. *Horse!* HORSE! and CHASE!
10. The charge is *utterly,* TOTALLY, MEANLY, false.
11. Ay, cluster there! Cling to your master, *judges,* ROMANS, SLAVES.
12. I defy the honourable *gentleman;* I defy the GOVERNMENT; I defy the WHOLE PHALANX.
13. He has allowed us to meet you here, and in the name of the present *generation,* in the name of your COUNTRY, in the name of LIBERTY, to thank you.
14. They shouted *France!* SPAIN! ALBION! VICTORY!

CLIMAX.

Climax or cumulative emphasis, consists of a series of particulars or emphatic words or sentences, in which each successive particular, word, or sentence rises in force and importance to the last.

INFLECTIONS.

The inflections of the voice, consist of those peculiar slides which it takes in pronouncing syllables, words, or sentences.

There are two of these slides, the upward and the downward. The upward is called the rising inflection, and the downward the falling inflection, and when these are combined it is known as the circumflex.

The rising inflection is used in cases of doubt and uncertainty, or when the sense is incomplete or dependent on something following. The falling inflection is used when the sense is finished and completed, or is independent of anything that follows.

Indirect questions usually require the falling inflection.

Falling inflections give power and emphasis to words. Rising inflections give beauty and variety. Rising inflections may also be emphatic, but their effect is not so great as that of falling inflections.

1

I *am*\.
Life is *short*\.
Eternity is *long*\.
If they *return*\.
Forgive us our *sins*\.
Depart *thou*\.

2

What/ though the field be lost/ ?
All\ is not\ lost\ : the uncon\querable will\,
And stud\y of revenge\, immor\tal hate\,
And cour\age nev\er to submit\ or yield\.

3

And be thou instruc'ted, oh, Jeru'salem', lest my soul depart' from thee; lest I make thee' des'olate, a land not' inhab'ited.

If the members of a concluding series are not emphatic, they all take the rising inflection except the *last*, which takes the falling inflection; but if emphatic, they all take the falling inflection except the *last* but *one*, which takes the rising inflection.

The dew is dried up', the star is shot', the flight is past', the man forgot'.

He tried each art', reproved each dull delay', allured to brighter worlds' and led the way'.

They will celebrate it with thanksgiving', with festivity' with bonfires', with illuminations'.

He was so young', so intelligent', so generous', so brave so everything', that we are apt to like in a young man'.

My doctrine shall drop as the rain', my speech shall distill as the dew', as the small rain upon the tender herb' and as the showers upon the grass'.

THE CIRCUMFLEX OR WAVE.

The Circumflex is a union of the two inflections, and is of two kinds; viz., the Rising and the Falling Circumflex. The rising circumflex begins with the falling, and ends with the rising inflection; the falling circumflex begins with the rising, and ends with the falling inflection.

Positive assertions of irony, raillery, etc., have the falling circumflex, and all negative assertions of doubled meaning will have the rising. Doubt, pity, contrast, grief, supposition, comparison, irony, implication, sneering, raillery, scorn, reproach, and contempt, are all expressed by the use of the wave of the circumflex. Be sure and get the right feeling and thought, and you will find no difficulty in expressing them properly, if you have mastered the voice.

Both these circumflex inflections may be exemplified in the word "so," in a speech of the clown, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It:"

"I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you said so, then I said sô. Oh, hô! did you say *sŏ?* So they shook hands, and were sworn friends."

The Queen of Denmark, in reproving her son, Hamlet, on account of his conduct towards his step-father, whom she married shortly after the murder of the king, her husband, says to him, "*Hamlet*, you have your father *much* offended." To which he replies, with a circumflex on *you*, "*Madam, yŏu* have my father much offended." *He* meant his *own* father; *she* his *step*-father. He would *also* intimate that she was *accessory* to his father's *murder;* and his peculiar reply was like *daggers* in her *soul.*

In the following reply of Death to Satan, there is a frequent occurrence of circumflexes, mingled with *contempt:* "And reckon's *thou thyself* with *spirits* of heaven, hell-doomed, and breath'st *defiance here*, and *scorn* where *I* reign kĭng?—and, to enrage thee *more, thy* king and *lord!*" The voice is circumflexed on *heaven, hell-doomed, king,* and *thy,* nearly an octave.

CHAPTER X.

PERSONATION.

PERSONATION is the representation, by a single reader or speaker, of the words, manners, and actions of one or several persons. The change of voice in personation in public reading is of great importance, but is generally overlooked, or but little practiced.

The student must practice assiduouly upon such pieces as require Personation in connection with narrative and descriptive sentences, and he must use the Time, Pitch, Force, and Gesture, which are appropriate to the expression of the required thought. For example, if it be the words uttered by a dying child, the Pitch will be low, Pure Voice, slightly Tremor, Time slow, with a pause between the narrative and the quoted words of the child, these last being given very softly and hesitatingly.

1.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him; and mother—now-I'll-go-to-sleep."

The last words very soft, and hesitating utterance.

Before this example, is another in the same selection, not quite so marked, which we give from the third verse. She gets her answer from the child; softly fall the words from him—

"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim!
I have no pain, dear mother, now,—but oh, I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again—and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste, she held the liquid to his lips, ——

That which is quoted is supposed to be uttered by the dying child, and can not be given effectively without the changes in voice, etc., referred to above.

If, however, the climax of the narrative is a battle scene, and the Personation represents an officer giving a command, then a most marked change must be made in the voice between the narrative and the personation, which demands Full Force, Quick Time, High Pitch, and Orotund Quality, and the narrative portion will commence with Moderate Pitch and Time (increasing), and Medium Force.

1.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
'Charge for the guns!' he said,
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred."

2.

(*desc.*) And when Peter saw it, he answered unto the people: (*per.*) "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness, we had made this man to walk?" etc.

To read the Bible acceptably in public, requires the application of every principle in elocution; for nowhere is Expression so richly rewarded, as in the pronunciation of the sacred text. The Descriptive and Personation should be so distinctly marked, that the attention will be at once attracted to the different styles, and the meaning understood.

EXPRESSION.

The study of Expression is one of the most important parts of elocution, as it is the application of all the principles that form the science of utterance. It is the ART of elocution. Expression then should be the chief characteristic of all public reading and speaking. The student must forget self, and throw himself entirely into the spirit of what he reads, for the art of feeling is the true art which leads to a just expression of the features:

"To this one standard make you just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret, learn to *feel*."

The voice under the influence of feeling, gives the beautiful colouring, and breathes life and reality to the mental picture. Every turn in the current of feeling should be carefully observed and fully expressed. Not only the

varied changes of the voice, however, but the indications by all the features of the countenance, contribute a share to give a good expression, and by far the greatest is derived from the eyes. The management of the eyes is, therefore, the most important of all—

> "A single look more marks the eternal woe,
> Than all the windings of the lengthened, oh!
> Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
> And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
> Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
> And all the passions, all the soul is there."

The eye of the orator, and the expressive movements of the muscles of his face, often *tell* more than his words, his body or his hands, and when the eye is lighted up and glowing with meaning and intelligence, and frequently and properly directed to the person or persons addressed, it tends greatly to rivet the attention, and deepen the interest of the hearer, as well as to heighten the effect, and enforce the importance of the sentiments delivered. To the eyes belong the effusion of tears, and to give way to this proof of feeling should not be called a mark of weakness, but rather a proof of sensibility, which is the test of sincerity.

Next to the eyes, the mouth is the most expressive part of the countenance. "The Mouth," says Cresallius, "is the vestibule of the soul, the door of eloquence, and the place in which the thoughts hold their highest debates." It is the seat of grace and sweetness; smiles and good temper play around it; composure calms it; and discretion keeps the door of its lips. Every bad habit defaces the soft beauty of the mouth, and leaves indelible traces of its injury, they should, therefore, be carefully avoided. The motion of the lips should be moderate, to moisten them by thrusting the tongue between them is very disagreeable, and biting the lips is equally unbecoming. We should speak with the mouth, more than with the lips.

Unless the pupil is very careful, he will find some difficulty in keeping the mouth sufficiently wide open, he will gradually close the mouth until the teeth are brought nearly together, before the sound is finished, the inevitable consequence of which is a smothered, imperfect and lifeless utterance of the syllable or word. A good opening of the mouth is absolutely indispensable in giving the voice the full effect of round, smooth and agreeable tone.

CHAPTER XI.

GESTURE.

As more or less action must necessarily accompany the words of every speaker who delivers his sentiments in earnest, as they ought to be to move and persuade, it is of the utmost importance to him that that action be appropriate and natural—never forced and awkward, but easy and graceful, except where the nature of the subject requires it to be bold and vehement. If argument were necessary to enforce the importance of cultivation in gesticulation, one sufficiently cogent might be drawn from the graceful skill and power displayed in this art by the best actors on the stage. No truth is clearer than that their excellence in this is due to their own industry.

But, in applying art to the aid of Oratory, and especially in copying the gesture of those who excel in it, great caution is to be observed. No true orator can be formed after any model. He that copies or borrows from any one, should be careful in the first place, not to copy his peculiarities or defects: and whatever is copied, should be so completely brought under command, by long practice, as to appear perfectly natural. Art should never be

allowed to put any restraint upon nature; but should be so completely refined and subdued as to appear to be the work of nature herself; for whenever art is allowed to supersede nature, it is immediately detected, shows affectation, and is sure to disgust, rather than please and impress, the hearer.

In general terms, force and grace may be considered the leading qualities of good action. In pleasing emotions the eye of the speaker follows the gesture, but in negative expressions the head is averted. The stroke of the hand terminates on the emphatic word. Be careful not to "saw the air" with the hands, but to move them in graceful curved lines. They should move steadily, and rest on the emphatic word, returning to the side after the emotion is expressed that called them into action.

The following positions and directions are as good as any, that can be expressed in a small compass, and they are given here for practice. One caution must be noted, which is, that excess of action is nearly as detrimental in oratory as no action It becomes the speaker, therefore, in this, as well as in everything else, that pertains to elocution and oratory, to *avoid extremes.*

I. POSITION OF THE HAND.

1. Supine; open hand, fingers relaxed, palm upward; used in appeal, entreaty, in expressing light, joyous emotions, etc.

2. Prone; open hand, palm downward; used in negative expressions, etc.

3. Vertical; open hand, palm outward; for repelling, warding off, etc.

4. Clenched; hand tightly closed; used in defiance, courage, threatening, etc.

5. Pointing; prone hand, loosely closed, with index finger extended; used in pointing out, designating, etc.

II. DIRECTION.

1. Front; the hand descending below the hip, extending horizontally, or ascending to a level or above the head, at right angles with the speaker's body.

2. Oblique; at an angle of forty-five degrees from the speaker's body.

3. Extended; direct from the speaker's side.

4. Backward; reversely corresponding to the oblique.

Abbreviations.	
R. H. S.	Right Hand Supine.
R. H. P.	Right Hand Prone.
R. H. V.	Right Hand Vertical.
B. H. S.	Both Hands Supine.
B. H. P.	Both Hands Prone.
B. H. V.	Both Hands Vertical.
D. f.	Descending Front.
H. f.	Horizontal Front.
A. f.	Ascending Front.
D. o.	Descending Oblique.
H. o.	Horizontal Oblique.
A. o.	Ascending Oblique.
D. e.	Descending Extended.
H. e.	Horizontal Extended.
A. e.	Ascending Extended.
D. b.	Descending Backward.
H. b.	Horizontal Backward.
A. b.	Ascending Backward.

Directions.

The dotted words indicate where the hand is to be raised in preparation.

The gesture is made upon the words in capitals.

The hand drops upon the italicized word or syllable following the word in capitals. If italicized words precede the word in capitals, it indicates that the hand is to follow the line of gesture.

The following examples have appeared in several works on Elocution—"The New York Speaker," "Reading and Elocution," etc.

R. H. S.

D. f. This sentiment I will maintain | with the last breath of LIFE.

H. f. I appeal | to YOU, sir, for your de *cis* ion.

A. f. I appeal | to the great Searcher of HEARTS for the truth of what I *ut* ter.

D. o. Of all mistakes | NONE are so *fa* tal as those which we incur through prejudice.

H. o. Truth, honour, | JUS tice were his *mo* tives.

A. o. Fix your eye | on the prize of a truly NO ble am*bi* tion.

D. e. AWAY | with an idea so absurd!

H. e. The breeze of morning | wafted IN cense on the *air.*

A. e. In dreams thro' camp and court he bore | the trophies of a CON queror.

D. b. AWAY | with an idea so abhorrent to humanity!

H. b. Search the records of the remotest an TI quity for a *par*allel to this.

A. b. Then rang their proud HURRAH!

R. H. P.

D. f. Put DOWN | the unworthy feeling!

H. f. Re STRAIN the unhallowed pro *pen* sity.

D. o. Let every one who would merit the Christian name | re PRESS | such a feeling.

H. o. I charge you as men and as Christians | to lay a re STRAINT on all such dispo *si* tions!

A. o. Ye gods | with HOLD your *ven* geance!

D. e. The hand of affection | shall *smooth the* TURF for your last *pil* low!

H. e. The cloud of adver | sity threw its gloom *over all his* PROS pects.

A. e. So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud that swathes | as with a purple SHROUD Benledi's distant *hill.*

R. H. V.

H. f. Arise! meet | and re PEL your *foe!*

A. f. For BID it, Almighty *God!*

H. o. He generously extended the arm of power | to ward OFF the *blow.*

A. o. May Heaven a VERT the cal *am* ity!

H. e. Out of my SIGHT, | thou serpent!

H. b. Thou tempting fiend, a VAUNT!

B. H. S.

D. f. All personal feeling he de POS ited on the *al* tar of his country's good.

H. f. Listen, I im PLORE you, to the voice of *rea* son!

A. f. HAIL, universal *Lord!*

D. o. Every personal advantage | he sur REN dered to the common *good.*

H. o. WELCOME! once more to your early *home!*

A. o. HAIL! holy *Light!*

D. e. I utterly re NOUNCE | all the supposed advantages of such a station.

H. e. They yet slept | in the wide a BYSS of possi *bil* ity.

A. e. Joy, joy | for EVER.

B. H. P.

D. f. Lie LIGHT ly on him, *earth*—his step was light on thee.

H. f. Now all the blessings of a glad father LIGHT on *thee!*

A. f. Blessed be Thy NAME, O Lord Most *High.*

D. o. We are in Thy sight | but as the *worms* of the DUST!

H. o. May the grace of God | *abide with you for* EVER.

A. o. And let the triple rainbow rest | *o'er all the mountain* TOPS.

D. e. Here let the tumults of passion | *forever* CEASE!

H. e. Spread *wide* a ROUND the heaven-breathing *calm!*

A. e. Heaven | *opened* WIDE her ever-during *gates.*

B. H. V.

H. f. HENCE, hideous *spectre!*
A. f. AVERT, O *God*, the frown of Thy indignation!
H. o. Far from OUR *hearts* be so inhuman a feeling.
A. o. Let me not | NAME it to *you*, ye chaste stars!
H. e. And if the night have gathered aught of evil or concealed, dis PERSE it.
A. e. Melt and dis PEL, ye spectre *doubts!*

CHAPTER XII.

INTRODUCTION TO AN AUDIENCE.

THE speaker should present himself to the audience with modesty, and without any show of self-consequence, and should avoid everything opposed to true dignity and self respect; he should feel the importance of his subject and the occasion. He should be deliberate and calm, and should take his position with his face directed to the audience.

A bow, being the most marked and appropriate symbol of respect, should be made on the last step going to his place on the platform. In making a graceful bow, there should be a gentle bend of the whole body, the eyes should not be permitted to fall below the person addressed, and the arms should lightly move forward, and a little inward. On raising himself into an erect position from the introductory bow, the speaker should fall back into the first position of the advanced foot. In this position he commences to speak. In his discourse let him appear graceful, easy, and natural, and when warmed and animated by the importance of his subject, his

dignity and mien should become still more elevated and commanding, and he should assume a somewhat lofty and noble bearing.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

The student must ever bear in mind that there is no royal road of attaining excellence in Elocutionary art without labour. No matter under what favourable circumstances he may have been placed for observing good methods, or how much aid he may receive from good teachers, he never can make any *real* improvement, unless he does the work for himself, and by diligence and perseverance he may achieve a great measure of success, and free himself from many blemishes and defects.

As the highest attainment of art, is the best imitation of nature, to attain to excellence in art the student must study nature as it exists in the manner of the age, —

"And catch the manners, living as they rise."

The rules of every science, as far as they are just and useful, are founded in nature, or in good usage; hence their adoption and application tend to free us from our artificial defects, all of which may be regarded as departures from the simplicity of nature. Let the student, therefore, ever bear in mind that whatever is artificial is unnatural, and that whatever is unnatural is opposed to genuine eloquence.

Good reading is exactly like good talking—one, therefore, who would read well or who would speak well, who would interest, rivet the attention, convince the understanding, and excite the feelings of his hearers—need not expect to do it by any extraordinary exertion or desperate effort; for genuine eloquence is not to be wooed and won by any such boisterous course of courtship, but by more gentle means. But, the pupil must not be tied down to a too slavish attention to rules, for one flash of genuine emotion, one touch of real nature, will produce

a greater effect than the application of all the studied rules of rhetorical art.

> " He who in earnest studies o'er his part,
> Will find true nature cling around his heart,
> The modes of grief are not included all
> In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl."

Before attempting to give a piece in public the pupil must practice it well in private, until the words and ideas are perfectly familiar, and it must be repeated o'er and o'er again, with perfect distinctness and clear articulation, —for more declaimers break down in consequence of forgetting the words of their piece, than from any other cause, and the pupil must practice assiduously until there is no danger of failure from this source.

Do not be discouraged if your early attempts are not very successful ones, but persevere; the most renowned actors and orators were not at all remarkable in the commencement of their career, they all, with scarcely an exception, attained to eminence by untiring perseverence.

Never rest satisfied with having done as you think— " well "—but be constantly trying to improve and to do better, and do not let the flattery of injudicious friends lead you to imagine you have a remarkable genius for oratory or for reading—such a foolish notion will be productive of great harm and effectually stop your further improvement, and those who are led to believe they are great geniuses and above the necessity of being guided by the rules suited for more commonplace mortals, rarely, if ever, attain to eminence, or become useful members of society.

Do not rely too much on others for instruction or advice as to the way of reading or speaking a passage, think for yourself, read it over carefully until you have formed a definite opinion as to how it ought to be delivered, then declaim it according to your own idea of its meaning and character.

Avoid everything like affectation; think of your subject and its requirements, not of yourself, and do not try to make a great display. Let your tone, look and gestures be all in harmony—be deliberate, yet earnest and natural; let nature be the mistress with art for her handmaiden.

Do not be such a slavish imitator of others, that it can be said of you, as it is of many—"Oh! I know who taught him Elocution. Every gesture and every movement is in accordance with some specific rule, and a slavish mannerism that never breaks into the slightest originality, marks his whole delivery, and all of ——'s pupils do exactly the same way."

Remember always that the GOLDEN RULE of Elocution is:—

BE NATURAL AND BE IN EARNEST.

GENERAL EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

QUICK TIME—INCREASE—HIGH PITCH—OROTUND.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away!

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;—
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire!
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away!

MIDDLE PITCH—PURE.

How peaceful the grave—its quiet, how deep! Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep, and flowerets perfume it with ether!

ASPIRATE.

How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me! Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

OROTUND—HIGH AND VARIED PITCH.

Confusion reigned below, and crowds on deck
With ashen faces and wild questionings
Rushed to her fated side; another crash
Succeeded, then a pause, an awful pause
Of terror and dismay. They see it all!
There floats the direful cause 'longside them now!
"Ahoy!" the seamen cry; "Ahoy! ahoy!
Four hundred souls aboard! Ahoy! ahoy!"
"All will be well!" "No, no, she heeds us not!"
And shrieks of awful frenzy fill the air—
"We sink! we sink!" but lo! the aid so near
Slinks like a recreant coward out of sight.

No sign of succour—none! Now wild despair
And cowardice, thy reign has come; the strong
Are weak, the weak are strong.
The captain cries aloud—"Launch yonder boat!"
The maddened crowd press toward it, but he shouts:
"Stand back, and save the women!" They but laugh
With curses their response. Behold the waves
Are gaping to receive them! still he cries
"Back, back, or I will fire!"—their reply
Comes in a roar of wild defiant groans.

PLAINTIVE—PURE.

Pauline. Thrice have I sought to speak: my courage fails me.
Sir, is it true that you have known—nay, are you
The friend of—Melnotte?
Melnotte. Lady, yes!—Myself
And Misery know the man!

Pauline. And you will see him,
And you will bear to him—ay—word for word,
All that this heart, which breaks in parting from him
Would send, ere still for ever.
Melnotte. He hath told me
You have the right to choose from out the world
A worthier bridegroom;—he foregoes all claim
Even to murmur at his doom. Speak on!
Pauline. Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his; that on his wandering way
Daily and nightly poured a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot,—walk by his side, an outcast,—
Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost!
Melnotte (*aside*). Am I already mad?
And does delirium utter such sweet words
Into a dreamer's ear? (*aloud.*) You love him thus
And yet desert him?
Pauline. Say, that, if his eye
Could read this heart,—its struggles, its temptations—
His love itself would pardon that desertion!
Look on that poor old man—he is my father;
He stands upon the verge of an abyss;
He calls his child to save him! Shall I shrink
From him who gave me birth? Withhold my hand
And see a parent perish? Tell him this,
And say—that we shall meet again in Heaven!

SLOW—LOW OROTUND.

The stars - shall fade away, – the sun - himself -
Grow dim - with age, – and Nature - sink - in years;
But thou - shalt flourish - in immortal youth,–
Unhurt - amidst the war of elements,–
The wreck of matter, – and the crash of worlds.

MODERATE.—PURE.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

ASTONISHMENT AND SURPRISE.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them, I mean to pass—
That be assured—without leave asked of thee!
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven!

ANGER.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire; in lightnings owned his secret stings; with one rude clash he struck the lyre, and swept with hurried hand, the strings.

PITY.

The Duchess marked his weary pace, his timid mien, and reverend face; and bade her page the menials tell, that they should tend the old man well; for she had

known adversity, though born in such a high degree; in pride of power, in beauty's bloom, had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

REVENGE.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown, Revenge impatient rose; he threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down; and, with a withering look, the war-denouncing trumpet took, and blew a blast—so loud and dread, were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

COURAGE.

"Fight on!" quoth he, undaunted, but our war-ships steered away;
"She will burst," they said, "and sink us, one and all, beneath the bay;"
But our captain knew his duty, and we cheered him as he cried,
"To the rescue! We are brothers—let us perish side by side!"

HORROR.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with! Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence!

HOPE.

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove;
All's for the best!—be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail barque of his creature is guiding
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest—in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch—better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe—and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy—is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned—in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute—to God himself:
And earthly power—doth then show likest God's,
When mercy—seasons justice.

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

AWE, EXTENDING TO FEAR.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
  Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above!
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now—
  That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! trembling, like a timid child,
  I hear Thy awful voice!—alarmed, afraid,
I see the flashes of Thy lightning wild,
  And in the very grave would hide my head!

REVERENCE.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?

For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands: Thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

SELECTIONS.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the sun they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,

Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love:
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Thomson.

THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round: the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year,
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks, and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bids't the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Thomson.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Milton.

THE PATRIOT'S ELYSIUM.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night:
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores;
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air!
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy COUNTRY, and that spot thy HOME.

Montgomery.

THE APPROACH TO PARADISE.

So on he fares; and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns, with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,—
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round:
And, higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits, at once, of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
On which the Sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape: and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils;—as when, to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course; and, many a league,
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Milton.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Puck.* I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Shakespeare.

REFLECTIONS ON THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which Shakespeare lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction,

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
> To dig the dust enclosed here.
> Blest be the man that spares these stones;
> And cursed be he who moves my bones,"

which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship, with the epitaphs, and escutcheons, and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave, may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favour, will find, after all, there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour, among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and the failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to its mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scenes of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal

home, could he have foreseen, that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name would become the boast and the glory of his native place; that his ashes would be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed with tearful contemplation, would one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

Irving.

ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame; how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air and common use
Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty; how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbling headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many rack'd, with honest passions droop

In deep retir'd distress; how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends
And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousaud nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions, work.

Thomson.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straightest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the

name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and of Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should

rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they were gone aside. they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar. *Bible.*

MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bed-side of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he

had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * * * *

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you, a child! And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may

go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

* * * * *

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silk, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited,—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song: and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches

over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honour to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and to the fatherless child.

THE KISS.

He kissed me—and I knew 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin;
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand—that was not right;
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It was not for a moment quite,
But in it there were days and days!

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too—I think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame
He took the kiss; I do think men
Are born without a sense of shame
I wonder when he'll come again!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

Whene'er you speak, remember every cause
Stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws—
Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
Let every sentence stand with bold relief;
On trifling points nor time nor talents waste,
A sad offence to learning and to taste;
Nor deal with pompous phrase, nor e'er suppose
Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.

Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
And seem more striking as it grows more loud;
But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
As nought but empty noise, and weak as vain.

The froth of words, the schoolboy's vain parade,
Of books and cases—all his stock in trade—
The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play
Of low attorneys, strung in long array,
The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
That chatters on, and cares not how, or why,
Strictly avoid—unworthy themes to scan,
They sink the speaker and disgrace the man,
Like the false lights, by flying shadows cast,
Scarce seen when present and forgot when past.

Begin with dignity; expound with grace
Each ground of reasoning in its time and place;
Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,
Nor urge its power too little, nor too much;
Give each strong thought its most attractive view,
In diction clear and yet severely true,
And as the arguments in splendour grow,
Let each reflect its light on all below;
When to the close arrived, make no delays
By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,

But sum the whole in one deep solemn strain,
Like a strong current hastening to the main.

Judge Story.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.—
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!

No light had we—for that do we repent;
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.—
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!

No light! so late! and dark and chill the night!
Oh, let us in, that we may find the light!—
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!—
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now!

Tennyson.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and grey,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,

Past the woman so old and grey,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever so poor, and old, and grey,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was—"God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

THE FAMINE.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,

Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
Shudder'd at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest
Rush'd the madden'd Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest,
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he, with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watch'd her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely in his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dakotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber'd branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing;
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perish'd for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish
That the forest moan'd and shudder'd,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,

At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he cover'd,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Cloth'd her in her richest garments:
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
Cover'd her with snow like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled.
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever

Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

H. W. Longfellow.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

It chanced one day, so I've been told
(The story is not very old),
As Will and Tom, two servants able,
Were waiting at their master's table,
Tom brought a fine fat turkey in,
The sumptuous dinner to begin:
Then Will appeared—superbly cooked,
A tongue upon the platter smoked;
When, oh! sad fate! he struck the door,
And tumbled flat upon the floor;
The servants stared, the guests looked down,
When quick uprising with a frown,
The master cried, "Sirra! I say
Begone, nor wait a single day,
You stupid cur! you've spoiled the feast,
How can another tongue be dressed!"
While thus the master stormed and roared,
Will, who with wit was somewhat stored
(For he by no means was a fool
Some Latin, too, he'd learned at school),
Said (thinking he might change disgrace
For laughter, and thus save his place),
"Oh! call me not a stupid cur,
'Twas but a *lapsus linguæ*, sir."
"A *lapsus linguæ?*" one guest cries,
"A pun!" another straight replies.

The joke was caught—the laugh went round;
Nor could a serious face be found.
The master, when the uproar ceased,
Finding his guests were all well pleased,
Forgave the servant's slippery feet,
And quick revoked his former threat.
Now Tom had all this time stood still;
And heard the applause bestowed on Will;
Delighted he had seen the fun
Of what his comrade late had done,
And thought, should he but do the same,
An equal share of praise he'd claim.
As soon as told the meat to fetch in,
Bolted like lightning to the kitchen,
And seizing there a leg of lamb
(I am not certain, perhaps 'twas ham,
No matter which), without delay
Off to the parlour marched away,
And stumbling as he turned him round,
Twirled joint and dish upon the ground.
For this my lord was ill-prepared;
Again the astonished servants stared.
Tom grinned—but seeing no one stir,
"Another *lapsus linguæ*, sir!"
Loud he exclaimed. No laugh was raised.
No "clever fellow's" wit was praised.
Confounded, yet not knowing why
His wit could not one laugh supply,
And fearing lest he had mistook
The words, again thus loudly spoke
(Thinking again it might be tried):
"'Twas but a *lapsus linguæ*," cried.
My lord, who long had quiet sat,
Now clearly saw what he was at.
In wrath this warning now he gave—
"When next thou triest, unlettered knave,

To give, as thine, another's wit,
Mind well thou knowest what's meant by it;
Nor let a *lapsus linguæ* slip
From out thy pert assuming lip,
Till well thou knowest thy stolen song,
Nor think a leg of lamb a tongue,"
He said—and quickly from the floor
Straight kicked him through the unlucky door.

MORAL.

Let each pert coxcomb learn from this
True wit will never come amiss!
But should a borrowed phrase appear,
Derision's always in the rear.

THE MODERN CAIN.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Long ago,
When first the human heart-strings felt the touch
Of Death's cold fingers—when upon the earth
Shroudless and coffinless Death's first-born lay,
Slain by the hand of violence, the wail
Of human grief arose:—"My son, my son!
Awake thee from this strange and awful sleep;
A mother mourns thee, and her tears of grief
Are falling on thy pale, unconscious brow;
Awake and bless her with thy wonted smile."

In vain, in vain! that sleeper never woke.
His murderer fled, but on his brow was fixed
A stain which baffled wear and washing. As he fled
A voice pursued him to the wilderness:
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

O black impiety! that seeks to shun
The dire responsibility of sin—
That cries with the ever-warning voice:
"Be still—away, the crime is not my own—
My brother lived—is dead, when, where,
Or how, it matters not, but he is dead.
Why judge the living for the dead one's fall?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Cain, Cain,
Thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood
Cries up to Heaven against thee; every stone
Will find a tongue to curse thee; and the winds
Will ever wail this question in thy ear:
"Where is thy brother?" Every sight and sound
Will mind thee of the lost.

I saw a man
Deal death unto his brother. Drop by drop
The poison was distilled for cursèd gòld;
And in the wine cup's ruddy glow sat Death,
Invisible to that poor trembling slave.
He seized the cup, he drank the poison down,
Rushed forth into the streets—home had he none—
Staggered and fell and miserably died.
They buried him—ah! little recks it where
His bloated form was given to the worms.
No stone marked that neglected, lonely spot;
No mourner sorrowing at evening came,
To pray by that unhallowed mound; no hand
Planted sweet flowers above his place of rest.
Years passed, and weeds and tangled briers grew
Above that sunken grave, and men forgot
Who slept there.

Once had he friends,
A happy home was his, and love was his.
His Mary loved him, and around him played
His smiling children. Oh, a dream of joy

Were those unclouded years, and, more than all,
He had an interest in the world above.
The big "Old Bible" lay upon the stand,
And he was wont to read its sacred page
And then to pray: "Our Father, bless the poor
And save the tempted from the tempter's art;
Save us from sin, and let us ever be
United in Thy love, and may we meet,
When life's last scenes are o'er, around the throne."
Thus prayed he—thus lived he—years passed,
And o'er the sunshine of that happy home,
A cloud came from the pit; the fatal bolt
Fell from that cloud. The towering tree
Was shivered by the lightning's vengeful stroke,
And laid its coronal of glory low.
A happy home was ruined; want and woe
Played with his children, and the joy of youth
Left their sweet faces no more to return.
His Mary's face grew pale and paler still,
Her eyes were dimmed with weeping, and her soul
Went out through those blue portals. Mary died,
And yet he wept not. At the demon's call
He drowned his sorrow in the maddening bowl,
And when they buried her from sight, he sank
In drunken stupor by her new-made grave!
His friend was gone—he never had another,
And the world shrank from him, all save one,
And he still plied the bowl with deadly drugs
And bade him drink, forget his God, and die!

He died.
Cain! Cain! where is thy brother now?
Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?
Where? In Heaven? Go read the sacred page:
"No drunkard ever shall inherit there."
Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled

While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped
His gold—his health—his life—his hope—his all?
Who saw his Mary fade and die? Who saw
His beggared children wandering in the streets?
Speak—Coward—if thou hast a tongue,
Tell why with hellish art you slew A MAN.

"Where is my brother?"
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Ah, man! A deeper mark is on your brow
Than that of Cain. Accursèd was the name
Of him who slew a righteous man, whose soul
Was ripe for Heaven; thrice accursèd he
Whose art malignant sinks a soul to hell.

E. Evans Edwards.

OCEAN.

In Sunshine.

My window overlooks thee,—and thy sheen of silver glory,
In musical monotony advances and recedes;
Till I dimly see the "shining ones" of ancient song and story,
With aureoles of ocean-haze invite to distant meads,

Where summer song and sunshine on placid waters play;—
Drifting dreamily, insensibly, on fragrance-laden breeze—
Floating onward on the wavelets, without hurry or delay,
I reach some blissful haven in the bright Hesperides.

Overcast.

How wearily and drearily the mist hangs over all!
And dismally the fog-horn shrieks its warning o'er the wave!

How sullenly the billows heave, beneath the funeral pall!
An impenetrable solitude!—a universal grave!

In Storm.

O! measureless and merciless! vindictive, wild, and stern!
Fire, Pestilence and Whirlwind all yield the palm to thee!
Roar on in bad pre-eminence—a worse thou canst not earn,
Than clings in famine, wreck, and death, to thee, O cruel Sea!

Ocean's Lessons.

I have seen thee in thy gladness, thy sullenness and wrath—
What lesson has thou taught, O Sea! to guide my daily path?
I hear thy massive monotone, to me it seems to say,
"When summer skies are over thee, dream not thy life away.

"In days of dark despondency, when either good or ill
"Seems scarcely worth the caring for, then wait and trust Him still;
"Though mist and cloud surround thee, thou art safe by sea or land,
"For thy Father holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.

"Perchance a storm in future life thy fragile bark may toss,
"And every struggle, cry, or prayer, bring nought but harm and loss,
"O tempest-tossed and stricken one! He comes His own to save,
"For not on Galilee alone, did Jesus walk the wave."

W. Wetherald.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

And so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Who's father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes, told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"
"Who must be careful?"
"George must."
"Oh!"
"Yes, must be careful with his hatchet—"
"What hatchet?"
"Why, George's."
"Oh!"
"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favourite, and cut it down, and—"
"Who cut it down?"
"George did."
"Oh!"
"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"
"Saw the hatchet?"
"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favourite apple-tree?'"
"What apple-tree?"
"George's father's. And everybody said they did n't know anything about it, and—"
"Anything about what?"
"The apple-tree."
"Oh!"
"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"
"Heard who taking about it?"
"Heard his father and the men."
"What were they talking about?"
"About this apple-tree."
"What apple-tree?"
"The favourite tree that George cut down."
"George who?"
"George Washington."
"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So, George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

R. N. Burdette.

TRUSTING.

I do not ask that God will always make
My pathway light;
I only pray that He will hold my hand
Throughout the night.
I do not hope to have the thorns removed
That pierce my feet,
I only ask to find His blessed arms
My safe retreat.

If He afflict me, then in my distress
Withholds His hand;
If all His wisdom I cannot conceive
Or understand.
I do not think to always know His why
Or wherefore, here;
But sometime He will take my hand and make
His meaning clear.

If in His furnace He refine my heart
To make it pure,
I only ask for grace to trust His love—
Strength to endure;

And if fierce storms beat round me,
And the heavens be overcast,
I know that He will give His weary one
Sweet peace at last.

THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted West
And then hasten to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.
But they looked across the waters and a storm was raging there.
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air,
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
But alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.
Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.
With the rough winds blowing round her a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh, for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach.
Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
As the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore sped.
She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?
So when next the white shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.
Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message! Here's a trumpet, shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.
Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe.
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear,
Then they listened, "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past."
Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul
on thee;"
"Leave, oh, leave me not!"—the singer dropped at last
into the sea.
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes
by tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that
hymn."

Marianne Farningham.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born—
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;

My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair:
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care;
Never give up! or the burden may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And, in all trials or trouble, bethink you
The watchword of life must be—Never give up!

Never give up!—there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on;
Never give up!—for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up!—though the grapeshot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up!—if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up.

Anon.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas around him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
* * * * *
St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Sir Walter Scott.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril on my head?
Banished? I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;

But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocation, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks:—
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!
"Traitor!" I go; but I *return*. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;—
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.
I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame.

Rev. George Croly.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers
not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me
and you;

And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest in my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know, that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day;
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
And did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new!

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face,—with me you would not share?
O what a weary want had every day if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here,
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,

Young loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And bless'd be God all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and leaning on that breast;
O may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

W. C. Bennett.

ROLL-CALL.

The battle was over—the foemen were flying,
But the plain was strewn with the dead and the dying,
For the dark angel rode on its sulphurous blast,
And had reaped a rich harvest of death, as he passed;
For, as grass he mowed down the blue and the gray,
With the mean and the mighty that stood in his way,
While the blood of our bravest ran there as water,
And his nostrils were filled with the incense of slaughter.

The black guns were silent—hushed the loud ringing cheers,
And the pale dead were buried, in silence and tears;
And the wounded brought in on stretchers so gory,
Broken and mangled but covered with glory,
Whilst the surgeons were clipping with expertness and vim,
From the agonised trunk each bullet-torn limb,
And the patient, if living, was carefully sent
To the cool open wards of the hospital tent.

Within one of those wards a brave Highlander lay,
With the chill dews of death on his forehead of clay,
For a shell had struck him in the heat of the fray,
And his right arm and shoulder were carried away;
No word had he spoken—not a sound had he made,
Yet a shiver, at times, had his anguish betrayed,
And so calmly he lay without murmur or moan,
The gentle-voiced sister thought his spirit had flown.

The lamps burning dimly an uncertain light shed,
While the groans of the wounded, the stare of the dead,
Made an age of a night to the gentle and true,
That had waited and watched half its long hours through;

When the surgeon came in with a whisper of cheer,
And a nod and a glance at the cot that stood near,
When—"*Here!*" like a bugle blast, the dying man cried,
"*It is roll-call in Heaven!*" He answered and died.

Anon.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't—with a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
And then when the man most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf,
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself?

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant New Year's hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly: "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it?"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she'll want to be buried of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this—you see,
This dear little box—and we'll bury them under the maple tree.

And papa will make a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!

I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

St. Nicholas.

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and *are* so lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the verandah roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so, it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, tha you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb

or a cripple at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear! dear; now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

THE MINIATURE.

William was holding in his hand
  The likeness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
  With beauty, grace, and life.

He almost thought it spoke—he gazed,
Upon the treasure still;
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed
He view'd the artist's skill.

This picture is yourself, dear Ann,
Tis' drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he;
"Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me!"

THE CHIMES OF S. S. PETER AND PAUL.

Ring out, sad bells, ring out
Melody to the twilight sky,
With echoes, echoing yet
As along the shore they die;
Chiming, chiming,
Sweet toned notes upon the heart
That one can ne'er forget.

Ring louder! O louder!
Until the distant sea
Shall send thy clear vibrations
Dying back to me;
Tolling, tolling,
Beautiful, trembling notes
Of sad sweet melody.

Ring, ring, ring, a merry Christmas
And a glad New Year;
Ring on Easter morning
And at the May-day dear;

Fing, fling
Thy tones over woodland ways
All the hills adorning.

At the joyous marriage,
And at the gladsome birth
Fling thy silvery echoes
Over all the earth,
But knell, O knell
When death, the shadowy spectre
Shall kiss the lips of mirth.

O blessed bells, silver bells,
Thy notes are echoing still
Like the song of an ebbing tide,
Or a mournful whip-poor-will.
As he sings, sings,
In the crimson sunset light
That dies on the burnished hill.

Then ring, O softly ring
Musical deep-toned bells;
Till harmony, sweet harmony
Throughout the woodland swells.
To bring, faintly bring,
Thy dying echoes back to me,
Over fields and fells,
Bells, bells, bells.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

No, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain i' my breast;

But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head forever
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" laboured—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind time!
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the up grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.

We neared a well-known cabin,
  Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
  A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
  As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
  Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
  The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
  Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only,
  The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
  To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
  With mad, irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying night wind
  Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine—
  How I got there I never could tell—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
  Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,—
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
  And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
  The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
  I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
  Was lit by the deadly glare.

I know little more, but I heard it—
  The groan of the anguished wheels—
And remember thinking, the engine
  In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
  I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled, with a shudder,
  I swept my hand over the track;
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
  But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
  As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
  My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
  To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
  We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
  With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning,
  As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
  And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
  She always would come to the door,
And her look with the fullness of heaven
  Blesses me evermore.

FASHIONABLE SINGING.

Miss Julia was induced to give a taste of her musical powers, and this is how she did it. She flirted up her

panniers, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the piano and sang—

"When ther moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-ahming
O'er ther ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e,
Its ra-dyance so-hoftly stre-heam-ing
Oh! ther-hen, Oh! ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-he-he-he-he-hink hof thee-e-e-e-e!"

"Beautiful, Miss Julia! Beautiful!" and we all clapped our hands. "Do sing another verse—it's perfectly divine, Miss Julia," said Eugene Augustus. Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers, and warbled—

"When ther sur-hun is bri-hight-ly glow-ing-how-ing
O'er the se-hene so de-hear to me-e-e,
And swe-heat the wie-hind is blow-how-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh! ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink
I thee-hink
I thee-he-he-he-he-he-he-hink-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-hof the-e-e-e-e-e!"—*Baltimore Elocutionist.*

THE OLD SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT.

From the bold heights of the island, far up in the Huron Sea,
Proudly waved that Summer morning the old flag of liberty;

While close under that fair banner, which to him was love and law,
Sat that hour a veteran soldier of the guard at Mackinaw.

Bowed and wrinkled, thin and hoary, sat he there that Summer day,
His form leaning 'gainst the flagstaff, while he watched the sunlight play
On the waters of that inland ocean which, in beauty purled,
Were to him—the scarred old soldier—fairest waters of the world.

In the days when Peace no longer walked the land, a beauteous queen,
Fragrance dropping from her garments, gladness beaming in her mien;
When grim war strode forth thro' valley, and o'er hill from sea to sea,
All along her pathway shedding, woe in its infinity.

Although time and gallant service, for the land he loved the best,
Had upon his manhood told already, and he needed rest;
Brave, and trusting still, and loving, as a knight of ancient days,
Forth he went with other comrades, caring not for fame or praise.

Only eager, aye, for duty, as God made it plain to all,
When upon the breath of Zephyrus, patriot heroes heard him call;
Anxious to beat back the dread one, and thro' war bring sweet release,
From the demon of the tempest, usher in the reign of peace!

O, the hot and bloody conflicts, hour by hour, and day by day,
'Mid those years of which the memory can never pass away!
O, at last the hard-won triumph, aye, but glorious we may say,
Since thro' tears and loss God's blessing comes to-day to "Blue and Gray!"

And the soldier, the old soldier, sitting there that hour alone,
Gazing out upon the waters, thought of those years long since flown,
And, on many a field of strife, his humble part—his part sublime—
When his comrades fell around him like leaves in the Autumn time!

Sitting there that summer morning he thought, too, how, since his youth,
His whole life had ever been, as 'twere, a lone one, how in sooth
He had never since that hour—and his years how great the sum!—
He had never known the blessing of a wife, or child, or home.

And, ah, now he fast was nearing—sad old man!—the end of life,
Soon he should lay by his armour and go forth beyond the strife.
And he tho't—"O, ere I go hence, if the one who gave me birth
Could but come from yonder Heaven, only come once more to earth;

"That again, as in my childhood, I might look upon her face,
Feel once more, once more, the pressure of her loving, dear embrace,
Hear her speak, ah, as she used to, those sweet words I so much miss,
Feel upon my cheek and forehead the touch of her fragrant kiss!"

And the sad old soldier's eyelids closed, his lips they moved no more;
He had gone to sleep where often he had gone to sleep before!—
So his comrades tho't that hour as they saw him sitting there,
Leaning fondly 'gainst the flagstaff, on his face a look most fair!

And they left him to his slumbers, with no wish to break the spell
Which had come to him so gently—the old soul they loved so well!
And the breezes so delightful played among his locks so white,
While above him proudly floated the old flag of his delight.

But ere long, when loved ones round him called the name of "Sergeant Gray,"
Not a word the veteran answered, for his life had passed away.—
Though a tear was on each pale cheek of the dead one whom they saw—
The old soldier of the regiment on guard at Mackinaw.

Geo. Newell Lovejoy.

POOR LITTLE STEPHEN GERARD.

The man lived in Philadelphia who, when young and poor, entered a bank, and says he, "Please, sir, don't you want a boy?" And the stately personage said: "No, little boy, I don't want a little boy." The little boy, whose heart was too full for utterance, chewing a piece of liquorice stick he had bought with a cent stolen from his good and pious aunt, with sobs plainly audible, and with great globules of water rolling down his cheeks, glided silently down the marble steps of the bank. Bending his noble form, the bank man dodged behind a door, for he thought the little boy was going to shy a stone at him. But the little boy picked up something, and stuck it in his poor but ragged jacket. "Come here, little boy," and the little boy did come here; and the bank man said: "Lo, what pickest thou up?" And he answered and replied: "A pin." And the bank man said: "Little boy, are you good?" and he said he was. And the bank man said: "How do you vote?—excuse me, do you go to Sunday school?" and he said he did. Then the bank man took down a pen made of pure gold, and flowing with pure ink, and he wrote on a piece of paper, "St. Peter;" and he asked the little boy what it stood for, and he said "Salt Peter." Then the bank man said it meant "Saint Peter." The little boy said: "Oh!"

Then the bank man took the little boy to his bosom, and the little boy said "Oh!" again, for he squeezed him. Then the bank man took the little boy into partnership, and gave him half the profits and all the capital, and he married the bank man's daughter, and now all he has is all his, and all his own, too.

My uncle told me this story, and I spent six weeks in picking up pins in front of a bank. I expected the bank man would call me in and say: "Little boy, are you good?" and I was going to say "Yes;" and when he asked

me what "St. John" stood for, I was going to say "Salt John." But the bank man wasn't anxious to have a partner, and I guess the daughter was a son, for one day says he to me: "Little boy, what's that you're picking up?" Says I, awful meekly, "Pins." Says he: "Let's see 'em." And he took 'em, and I took off my cap, all ready to go in the bank, and become a partner, and marry his daughter. But I didn't get an invitation. He said: "Those pins belong to the bank, and if I catch you hanging around here any more I'll set the dog on you!" Then I left, and the mean old fellow kept the pins. Such is life as I find it.

Mark Twain.

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

A little Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within;
She wore a gown of sober grey, a cape demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was grey and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she, "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare
I know what I should like to do?"—(The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below).

Calmly reading in the parlour sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent humble teaching wilfully she cast aside,
And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner *sewed a tuck into her gown!*

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth-day meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—
Gliding down the dark old stairway—hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah, never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.
But "tuck—*tuck!*" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;
And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,
Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!" "a tuck!"

In meeting Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.

How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
Oh, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunts her homeward way she wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms—
Yea, to the dregs had drained them and only this to find;
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,
And this little Quaker sinner *ripped the tuck out of her gown!*

St. Nicholas.

HOW WE HUNTED A MOUSE.

I was dozing comfortably in my easy chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed: "O! Joshua, a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go way—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little, harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would, but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria, because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment. There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigour; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen, and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time.

I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal scuttle. She paused for breath, but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "Oh, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat." Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was?—rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool. Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easy.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard I go out doors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

Joshua Jenkins.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's tight caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
  I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs and his loss,
  Like her,—because they love him.

Whittier.

WATERLOO.

It struck my imagination much, while standing on the last field fought by Bonaparte, that the battle of Waterloo should have been fought on a Sunday. What a different scene did the Scotch Grays and English Infantry present, from that which, at that very hour, was exhibited by their relatives, when over England and Scotland each church-bell had drawn together its worshippers! While many a mother's heart was sending up a prayer for her son's preservation, perhaps that son was gasping in agony. Yet, even at such a period, the lessons of his early days might give him consolation; and the maternal prayer might prepare the heart to support maternal anguish. It is religion alone which is of universal application, both as a stimulant and a lenitive, throughout the varied heritage which

falls to the lot of man. But we know that many thousands rushed into this fight, even of those who had been instructed in our religious principles, without leisure for one serious thought; and that some officers were killed in their ball dresses. They made the leap into the gulf which divides two worlds—the present from the immutable state, without one parting prayer, or one note of preparation!

As I looked over this field, now green with growing corn, I could mark, with my eye, the spots where the most desperate carnage had been marked out by the verdure of the wheat. The bodies had been heaped together, and scarcely more than covered: and so enriched is the soil, that, in these spots, the grain never ripens. It grows rank and green to the end of harvest. This touching memorial, which endures when the thousand groans have expired, and when the stain of human blood has faded from the ground, still seems to cry to Heaven that there is awful guilt somewhere, and a terrific reckoning for those who caused destruction which the earth could not conceal. These hillocks of superabundant vegetation, as the wind rustled through the corn, seemed the most affecting monuments which nature could devise, and gave a melancholy animation to this plain of death.

When we attempt to measure the mass of suffering which was here inflicted, and to number the individuals that fell, considering each who suffered as our fellow-man, we are overwhelmed with the agonizing calculation, and retire from the field which has been the scene of our reflections, with the simple, concentrated feeling—these armies once lived, breathed, and felt like us, and the time is at hand when we shall be like them. *Lady Morgan.*

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell:—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since, upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose—
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn the marshalling of arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

SCENE—*Parlour, with wedding party, consisting of* JUDGE OTIS; MARION, *his daughter, the bride;* HARRY WOOD, *the bridegroom; a few relatives and friends; all gathered around the centre table, on which are decanters and wine-glasses.*

One of the company—Let us drink the health of the newly-wedded pair. (*Turns to Harry.*) Shall it be in wine? (*turns to Marion,*) or in sparkling cold water?

HARRY—Pledge in wine, if it be the choice of the company.

Several voices—Pledge in wine, to be sure.

MARION—(*With great earnestness.*)—O no! Harry; not wine, I pray you.

JUDGE OTIS—Yes, Marion, my daughter; lay aside your foolish prejudices for this once; the company expect it, and you should not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own house you may act as you please; but in mine, which you are about to leave, for this once please me, by complying with my wishes in this matter.

[*A glass of wine is handed to Marion, which she slowly and reluctantly raises to her lips, but just as it reaches them she exclaims, excitedly, holding out the glass at arm's length, and staring at it,*]

MARION—Oh ! how terrible.

Several voices—(*Eagerly*)—What is it ? What do you see ?

MARION—Wait—wait, and I will tell you. I see (*pointing to the glass with her finger*) a sight that beggars all description ; and yet listen, and I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lonely spot ; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around ; a river runs through, and bright flowers in wild profusion grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun vainly seeks to pierce ; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds ; and beneath them a group of Indians gather. They move to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, for in their midst lies a manly form, whose cheek is deathly pale, and whose eye is wild with the fitful fire of fever. One of his own white race stands, or rather kneels, beside him, pillowing the poor sufferer's head upon his breast with all a brother's tenderness. Look ! (*she speaks with renewed energy*) how he starts up, throws the damp curls back from his high and noble brow, and clasps his hands in agony of despair ; hear his terrible shrieks for life ; and mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved from despair and death. O, what a terrible scene ! Genius in ruins, pleading for that which can never be regained when once lost. Hear him call piteously his father's name ; see him clutch his fingers as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—now weeping for him in his distant home ! See ! his hands are lifted to heaven ; he prays—how wildly !—for mercy. while the hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping in despair ; and the awe-stricken sons of the forest move silently away, leaving the living and the dying alone together. (*The judge, overcome with emotion, falls into a chair, while the rest of the company seem awe-struck, as Marion's voice grows softer and more sorrowful in its*

tones, yet remains distinct and clear.] It is evening now; the great, white moon, is coming up, and her beams fall gently upon his forehead. He moves not; for his eyes are set in their sockets, and their once piercing glance is dim. In vain his companion whispers the name of father and sister; death is there to dull the pulse, to dim the eye, and to deafen the ear. Death! stern, terrible, and with no soft hand, no gentle voice, to soothe his fevered brow, and calm his troubled soul and bid it hope in God. (*Harry sits down and covers his face with his hands.*) Death overtook him thus; and there, in the midst of the mountain forest, surrounded by Indian tribes, they scooped him a grave in the sand; and without a shroud or coffin, prayer or hymn, they laid him down in the damp earth to his final slumber. Thus died and was buried the only son of a proud father; the only, idolized brother of a fond sister. There he sleeps to-day, undisturbed, in that distant land, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—*my father's son*—MY OWN TWIN BROTHER! A victim to this (*holds up the glass before the company*) deadly, damning poison! Father! (*turning to the judge,*) father, shall I drink it now?

JUDGE OTIS—(*Raising his bowed head and speaking with faltering voice*)—No, no, my child! in God's name, cast it away.

MARION—(*Letting her glass fall and dash to pieces*)—Let no friend who loves me hereafter tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he (*turning to Harry,*) to whom I have this night given my heart and hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last sad hour, and buried the poor wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in this resolve. Will you not, (*offers him her hand, which he takes,*) my husband?

HARRY—With the blessing of heaven upon my efforts, I will; and I thank you, beyond expression, for the solemn lesson you have taught us all on this occasion.

JUDGE OTIS — God bless you (*taking Marion and Harry by the hand and speaking with deep emotion,*) my children; and may I, too, have grace given me to help you in your efforts to keep this noble resolve.

One of the company—Let us honour the firmness and nobleness of principle of the fair bride, by drinking her health in pure, sparkling water, the only beverage which the great Creator of the Universe gave to the newly-wedded pair in the beautiful Garden of Eden.

Dramatized by Sidney Herbert.

MARY STUART.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

THE PARK AT FOTHERINGAY.

MARY. Farewell high thought, and pride of noble mind!
I will forget my dignity, and all
My sufferings; I will fall before *her* feet,
Who hath reduced me to this wretchedness.
[*She turns towards Elizabeth.*
The voice of Heaven decides for you, my sister.
Your happy brows are now with triumph crown'd,
I bless the Power Divine, which thus hath rais'd you.
[*She kneels.*
But in your turn be merciful, my sister;
Let me not lie before you thus disgraced;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

ELIZ. (*stepping back*).
You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart;
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffer'd me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

MARY. (*with increasing energy of feeling*).
Think on all earthly things, vicissitudes.
Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:
Respect them, honour them, the dreadful ones
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!
* * * * Dishonour not
Yourself in me; profane not, nor disgrace
The royal blood of Tudor.

ELIZ. (*cold and severe*).
What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?
You wish'd to speak with me; and I, forgetting
The Queen, and all the wrongs I have sustained,
Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,
And grant the boon you wished for of my presence.
Yet I, in yielding to the gen'rous feelings
Of magnanimity, expose myself
To rightful censure, that I stoop so low,
For well you know, you would have had me murder'd.

MARY. O! how shall I begin? O, how shall I
So artfully arrange my cautious words,
That they may touch, yet not offend your heart?—
I am a Queen, like you, yet you have held me
Confin'd in prison. As a suppliant
I came to you, yet you in me insulted
The pious use of hospitality;
Slighting in me the holy law of nations,
Immur'd me in a dungeon—tore from me
My friends and servants; to unseemly want
I was exposed, and hurried to the bar
Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.
No more of this;—in everlasting silence

Be buried all the cruelties I suffer'd!
See—I will throw the blame of all on fate,
'Twas not your fault, no more than it was mine,
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To kindle in our hearts the flames of hate,
By which our tender youth had been divided.
[*Approaching her confidently, and with a flattering tone.*
Now stand we face to face; now sister, speak;
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you,—
Alas! had you vouchsaf'd to hear me then,
When I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would,
Here in this mournful place, have happen'd now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZ. My better stars preserved me. I was warn'd,
And laid not to my breast the pois'nous adder!
Accuse not fate! your own deceitful heart
It was, the wild ambition of your house.
But God is with me. The blow was aim'd
Full at my head, but your's it is which falls!

MARY. I'm in the hand of Heav'n. You never will
Exert so cruelly the pow'r it gives you.

ELIZ. Who shall prevent me? Say, did not your uncle
Set all the Kings of Europe the example
How to conclude a peace with those they hate.
Force is my only surety; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY. You have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger, and an enemy,
Had you declared me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
In me had fixed, for you a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

ELIZ. Your friendship is abroad.
Name *you* my successor! The treach'rous snare!
That in my life you might seduce my people;

And, like a sly Armida, in your net
Entangle all our noble English youth;
That all might turn to the new rising sun,
And I—

MARY. O sister, rule your realm in peace.
I give up ev'ry claim to these domains—
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lam'd;
Greatness entices me no more; your point
Is gained; I am but Mary's shadow now—
My noble spirit is at last broke down
By long captivity:—You've done your worst
On me; you have destroy'd me in my bloom!
Now, end your work, my sister;—speak at length
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;
For I will ne'er believe, that you are come,
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.
Pronounce this word;—say, "Mary, you are free;
You have already felt my pow'r,—Learn now
To honour too my generosity."
Say this, and I will take my life, will take
My freedom, as a present from your hands.
One word makes all undone;—I wait for it;—
O let it not be needlessly delay'd.
Woe to you, if you end not with this word!
For should you not, like some divinity,
Dispensing noble blessings, quit me now,
Then, sister, not for all this island's wealth,
For all the realms encircled by the deep,
Would I exchange my present lot for yours.

ELIZ. And you confess at last, that you are conquer'd:
Are all you schemes run out? No more assassins
Now on the road? Will no adventurer
Attempt again for you the sad achievement?
Yes, madam, it is over:—You'll seduce
No mortal more—The world has other cares;—
None is ambitious of the dang'rous honour
Of being your fourth husband.

MARY (*starting angrily*). Sister, sister!—
Grant me forbearance, all ye pow'rs of heaven!
ELIZ. (*regards her long with a look of proud contempt*).
These then, are the charms
Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand?
In sooth, this honour has been cheaply gain'd,
MARY. This is too much!
ELIZ. (*laughing insultingly*).
You show us, now indeed,
Your real face; till now 'twas but the mask.
MARY. (*burning with rage, yet dignified and noble*).
My sins were human, and the faults of youth;
Superior force misled me. I have never
Denied or sought to hide it; I despis'd,
All false appearance as became a Queen.
The worst of me is known, and I can say,
That I am better than the fame I bear.
Woe to you! when, in time to come, the world
Shall draw the robe of honour from your deeds,
With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veil'd
The raging flames of lawless secret lust.
Virtue was not your portion from your mother;
Well know we what it was which brought the head
Of Anne Boleyn to the fatal block.
I've supported
What human nature can support; farewell,
Lamb-hearted resignation, passive patience,
Fly to thy native heaven; burst at length
Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
In all thy fury, long-suppressed rancour!
And thou, who to the anger'd basilisk
Impart'st the murd'rous glance, O, arm my tongue
With poison'd darts!
(*raising her voice*). A pretender
Profanes the English throne! The gen'rous Britons
Are cheated by a juggler, [whose whole figure

Is false and painted, heart at well as face!]
If right prevail'd, you now would in the dust
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!
[Elizabeth *hastily retires.*

MARY. At last, at last,
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,
One moment of victorious revenge!

SCENE FROM LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

SCENE.—*Night. The Village Churchyard. Enter Leah slowly, her hair streaming over her shoulders.*

LEAH—[*solus*]—What seek I here? I know not; yet I feel I have a mission to fulfil. I feel that the cords of my being are stretched to their utmost effort. Already seven days! So long! As the dead lights were placed about the body of Abraham, as the friends sat nightly at his feet and watched, so have I sat, for seven days, and wept over the corpse of my love. What have I done? Am I not the child of man? Is not love the right of all, —like the air, the light? And if I stretched my hands towards it, was it a crime? When I first saw him, first heard the sound of his voice, something wound itself around my heart. Then first I knew why I was created, and for the first time, was thankful for my life. Collect thyself, mind, and think! What has happened? I saw him yesterday—no! eight days ago! He was full of love. "You'll come," said he. I came. I left my people. I tore the cords that bound me to my nation, and came to him. He cast me forth into the night. And yet, my heart, you throb still. The earth still stands, the sun still shines, as if it had not gone down forever, for me. By his side stood a handsome maid, and drew him away with

caressing hands. It is *she* he loves, and to the Jewess he dares offer gold. I will seek him! I will gaze on his face—that deceitful beautiful face. [*Church illuminated. Organ plays softly.*] I will ask him what I have done that—[*Hides face in her hands and weeps. Organ swells louder and then subsides again.*] Perhaps he has been misled by some one—some false tongue! His looks, his words, seem to reproach me. Why was I silent? Thou proud mouth, ye proud lips, why did you not speak? Perhaps he loves me still. Perhaps his soul, like mine, pines in nameless agony, and yearns for reconciliation. [*Music soft.*] Why does my hate melt away at this soft voice with which heaven calls to me? That grand music! I hear voices. It sounds like a nuptial benediction; perhaps it is a loving bridal pair. Amen—amen! to that prayer, whoever you may be. [*Music stops.*] I, poor desolate one, would like to see their happy faces—I must —this window. Yes, here I can see into the church. [*Looks into the window. Screams.*] Do I dream? Kind Heaven, that prayer, that amen, you heard it not. I call it back. You did not hear my blessing. You were deaf. Did no blood-stained dagger drop upon them? 'Tis he! Revenge!—— No! Thou shalt judge! Thine, Jehovah, is the vengeance. Thou, alone, canst send it. [*Rests her arm upon a broken column.*]

Enter Rudolf from the sacristy door, with wreath in hand.

RUD.—I am at last alone. I cannot endure the joy and merriment around me. How like mockery sounded the pious words of the priest! As I gazed towards the church windows I saw a face, heard a muffled cry. I thought it was her face,—her voice.

LEAH.—(*coldly.*) Did you think so?

RUD.—Leah! Is it you?

LEAH.—Yes.

RUD.—(*tenderly.*) Leah——

LEAH.—Silence, perjured one! Can the tongue that lied, still speak? The breath that called me wife, now swear faith to another! Does it dare to mix with the pure air of heaven? Is this the man I worshipped? whose features I so fondly gazed upon! Ah! [*shuddering*] No—no! The hand of heaven has crushed, beaten and defaced them! The stamp of divinity no longer rests there! [*Walks away.*]

RUD.—Leah! hear me!

LEAH.—[*turning fiercely.*] Ha! You call me back? I am pitiless now.

RUD.—You broke faith first. You took the money.

LEAH.—Money! What money?

RUD.—The money my father sent you.

LEAH.—Sent me money? For what?

RUD.—[*hesitating.*] To induce you to release me—to——

LEAH.—That I might release you? And you knew it? You permitted it?

RUD.—I staked my life that you would not take it.

LEAH.—And you believed I had taken it?

RUD.—How could I believe otherwise? I——

LEAH.—[*with rage.*] And you believed I had taken it. Miserable Christian, and you cast me off! Not a question was the Jewess worth. This, then, was thy work; this the eternity of love you promised me. Forgive me, Heaven, that I forgot my nation to love this Christian. Let that love be lost in hate. Love is false, unjust—hate endless, eternal.

RUD.—Cease these gloomy words of vengeance—I have wronged you. I feel it without your reproaches. I have sinned; but to sin is human, and it would be but human to forgive.

LEAH.—You would tempt me again? I do not know that voice.

RUD.—I will make good the evil I have done; aye, an hundredfold.

LEAH.—Aye, crush the flower, grind it under foot, then make good the evil you have done. No! no! an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart!

RUD.—Hold, fierce woman, I will beseech no more! Do not tempt heaven; let it be the judge between us! If I have sinned through love, see that you do not sin through hate.

LEAH.—Blasphemer! and you dare call on heaven! What commandant hast thou not broken? Thou shalt not swear falsely—you broke faith with me! Thou shalt not steal—you stole my heart. Thou shalt not kill—what of life have you left me?

RUD.—Hold, hold! No more! [*Advancing.*]

LEAH.—[*repelling him.*] The old man who died because I loved you, the woman who hungered because I followed you, may they follow you in dreams, and be a drag upon your feet forever. May you wander as I wander, suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the land you till: may it keep faith with you as you have kept faith with me. Cursed, thrice cursed, may you be evermore, and as my people on Mount Ebal spoke, so speak I thrice! Amen! Amen! Amen!

[*Rudolf drops on his knees as the curtain descends on the tableau.*]

SCENE FROM LEAH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

RUD.—(*Leah comes down stage gently and sad, listening*). Think, Madalena, of her lot and mine. While I clasp a tender wife, and a lovely child; she wanders in foreign lands, suffering and desolate. It is not alone her curse that haunts me, it is her pale and gentle face, which I seem to see in my dreams, and which so sadly says to me,

"I have forgiven!" Oh, Madalena, could I but hear her say this, and tell her how deeply I feel that I have wronged her—could I but wet her hands with my repentent tears, then would I find peace.

MAD.—Rudolf, a thought! In yonder valley camps a company of Jews who are emigrating to America; perhaps one of them may be able to give you news of Leah, and if you find her, she shall share the blessings of our home. She shall be to me a dear sister! (*Leah hastily conceals herself.*) Ha, that beggar woman, where is she? (*Looks around.*) Perhaps she belongs to the tribe; perhaps she may tell you of her.

RUD.—How say you? A beggar woman?

MAD.—Yes, a poor Jewess, whom I rescued to-day. She must now be in the house. Oh, come, Rudolf, let us find her. All may yet be well! [*Exeunt in house.*

Enter Leah from behind a hayrick.

LEAH.—Have I heard aright? The iron bands seem melting, the cold dead heart moves, and beats once more! The old life returns. Rudolf! (*tears.*) My Rudolf. No, no, he is no longer mine! The flame is extinguished, and only the empty lamp remains above the sepulchre of my heart. No, Madalena, no, I shall not remain to be a reproach to you both. I will wander on with my people; but the hate I have nourished has departed. I may not love, but I forgive—yes, I forgive him. But his child. Oh, I should so like to see his child!

Child comes to doorway from house.

Fear not, little one, come hither.

CHILD.—(*coming towards her*). Is it you? Father seeks you.

LEAH.—His very image. (*kisses her,*) What is your name, my darling?

CHILD.—Leah.

LEAH.—What say you? Leah?

CHILD.—Did you know the other Leah?—she whom mother and father speak of so often, and for whom every night I must pray?

LEAH.—(*With emotion, kissing her, and giving her a withered rose-wreath, which she takes from inside her dress.*) Take this, my pretty one.

CHILD.—A rose-wreath?

LEAH.—Take it, and give it your father. Say to him your little prayer has been heard, and that Leah—(*emotion*)—Leah forgives. (*going, returns again, kisses child, and with extended arms and choking voice.*) Bless, you, darling! (*extending arms to house.*) And you, and you—and all—and all! (*goes to fence, totters, and sinks down, endeavouring to exit.*)

Enter Rudolf and Madalena from house.

RUD.—Not here!

CHILD. (*running to Madalena.*) See, mother, see what the strange woman gave me. (*showing wreath.*)

MAD. (*not noticing child.*) Where is she?

CHILD.—She has gone away (*running to Rudolf with wreath.*) See, father.

RUD. (*taking wreath.*) A rose-wreath. Great heaven, Madalena, it must have been Leah; it is my wreath. Leah!

MAD.—It was she!

RUD.—Yes, it was Leah. By this token we are reconciled. (*Leah moans.*) Ha, what sound is that?

MAD.—(*going to the prostrate figure.*) Quick, Rudolf! It is she. (*they run to her, raise her up, and bear her to front.*)

LEAH.—(*feebly.*) I tried to go, but my strength forsook me. I shall, at least, then, die here!

RUD.—Die! No, no; speak not of dying, you shall live!

LEAH.—No; I am too happy to live. See, Madalena, I take his hand, but it is to place it in yours. All is over. (*sinks into their arms.*)

SCENE FROM PIZARRO.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon.*

Alonzo in chains—A sentinel walking near.

ALONZO. (C.)—For the last time, I have beheld the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O, sun! (and soon the hour), I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall, which—no, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run, by the mean reckoning of the hours and days, which thou has breathed:—a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line; by deeds, not years. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously. Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the East. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child! Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless.

[*Enters the cavern,* R. U. E.

SEN.—Who's there? answer quickly! Who's there?

ROL.—(*within.*) A friar come to visit your prisoner. (*enters,* L. U. E. *disguised as a monk.*) Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

SEN.—(C.) He is.

ROL.—I must speak with him.

SEN.—You must not. (*stopping him with his spear.*)

ROL.—He is my friend.

SEN.—Not if he were your brother.

ROL.—What is to be his fate?

SEN.—He dies at sunrise.

ROL.—Ha! Then I am come in time.

SEN.—Just—to witness his death.

ROL.—Soldier, I must speak to him.

SEN.—Back, back—It is impossible.

ROL.—I do entreat you, but for one moment.

SEN.—You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

ROL.—Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine—beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

SEN.—Away!—wouldst thou corrupt me? Me! an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

ROL.—Soldier!—hast thou a wife?

SEN.—I have.

ROL.—Hast thou children?

SEN.—Four—honest, lovely boys.

ROL.—Where didst thou leave them?

SEN.—In my native village; even in the cot where myself was born.

ROL.—Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

SEN.—Do I love them! God knows my heart—I do.

ROL.—Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land. What would be thy last request?

SEN.—That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

ROL.—Oh! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate, and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunset, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife, what would'st thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

SEN.—How?

ROL.—Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

SEN.—Go in. [*Shoulders his spear and walks to* L. U. E.

ROL. (*c.*)—Oh, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature bearing form, and life—human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.—Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo! Alonzo, my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo—rise!

ALON.—How, is my hour elapsed? Well, (*Returning from the recess* R. U. E.) I am ready.

ROL.—Alonzo, know me.

ALON.—What voice is that?

ROL.—'Tis Rolla's. [*Takes off his disguise.*

ALON.—Rolla, my friend (*Embraces him.*) Heavens!—how could'st thou pass the guard?—Did this habit—

ROL.—There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon: now, take it thou and fly.

ALON.—And Rolla—

ROL.—Will remain here in thy place.

ALON.—And die for me? No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

ROL.—I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and from thy prison soon will thy arm deliver me. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert—nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art—a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go! go, Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

ALON.—Urge me not thus, my friend! I had prepared to die in peace.

ROL.—To die in peace! devoting her thou'st sworn to live for to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

ALON.—Oh, God!

ROL.—If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. And by the heart of truth, I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee; no power that sways the will of man shalt stir me hence; and thoul't but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child—are lost forever.

ALON.—Oh, Rolla! you distract me!

ROL.—Begone! A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me; I will treat with Pizarro, as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, whilst thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, may'st at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee! Haste, Alonzo! Haste! Haste!

ALON.—Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honour and from right.

ROL.—Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

ALON.—Oh! my preserver! [*Embracing him.*

ROL.—I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek.—Go! I am rewarded. (*Throwing the Friar's garment over him.*) There, conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

ALON.—At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven! I return to save or perish with thee. [*Exit* L.U.E.

ROL. (*Looking after him.*)—He has passed the outer porch—he is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and

child! Now, Cora, did'st thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of Truth! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there! (*Lifting his hands to heaven.*)—assuredly we shall meet again; there, possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love, and friendship—on earth imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. [*Retires into the cavern.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A thick forest. A dreadful storm.* CORA *has covered her child in a bed of leaves and moss,* R. U. E.

CORA. (*Sitting on bank by child,* R.)—Oh, Nature! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march; my wearied shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy, when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! Oh, my child! were I assured thy poor father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side!—but down—down forever! (*Thunder and lightning.*) I ask thee not, unpitying storm to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers, will I disturb my sleeping cherub, though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds. (*Thunder and lightning.*) Still, still implacable! —unfeeling elements! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent! Oh, Death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I may shield thee better from the storm: my veil may—

ALON. (*Without* L.)—Cora!

CORA (*Runs to* C.) Ha!

ALON.—Cora!

CORA—Oh, my heart. Sweet Heaven, deceive me not. Is it not Alonzo's voice?

ALON. (*Louder*)—Cora!

CORA (L. C.)—It is—it is Alonzo!

ALON. (*Very loud*) Cora! my beloved!

CORA (L.) Alonzo! Here!—here!—Alonzo!

[*Runs out.*

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

The King is reported to have dismounted before the battle commenced, and to have fought on foot.

Hollinshed states that the English army consisted of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse and 40,000 infantry—in all, 100,000. Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9,000, and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7,000. The battle lasted only three hours.

The noble Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, pushing himself too vigorously on his horse into the conflict, was grievously wounded, and cast down to the earth by the blows of the French, for whose protection the King being interested, he bravely leapt against his enemies in defence of his brother, defended him with his own body, and plucked and guarded him from the raging malice of the enemy, sustaining perils of war scarcely possible to be borne.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

During the battle the Duke of Alençon most valiantly broke through the English lines, and advanced fighting near the King—inasmuch that he wounded and struck down the Duke of York. King Henry seeing this stepped forth to his aid, and as he was leaning down to aid him the Duke of Alençon gave him a blow on his helmet that struck off part of his crown. The King's guards on this surrounded him, when seeing he could no way escape death but by surrendering, he lifted up his arms and said

to the King, "I am the Duke of Alençon, and yield myself to you." But as the King was holding out his hand to receive his pledge he was put to death by the guards. —*Monstrelet.*

GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, ERPINGHAM, *and* WESTMORELAND *discovered.*

GLO. Where is the king?
BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
WEST. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
EXE. There's five to one; besides they're all fresh.
'Tis a fearful odds.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then joyfully my noble lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter
And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!
WEST. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY, *attended.*

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
K. HEN. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
O, do not wish one more;
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian,
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars;
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day
Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry, the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Enter GOWER.

GOWER. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WEST. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. HEN. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WEST. Heaven's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. HEN. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Enter MONTJOY *and attendants.*

MONT. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. HEN Who hath sent thee now?

MONT. The Constable of France.

K. HEN. I pray thee, bear my former answer back?
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),
And time hath worn us into slovenry;
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As if God please, they shall), my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

MONT. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. (*Exit.*
K. HEN. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
K. HEN. Take it, brave York—Now, soldiers, march away:—
And how, thou pleasest God, dispose the day!
(*Exeunt.*

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.
BRUTUS. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
CAS. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.
BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore, hide its head.
CAS. Chastisement!
BRU. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What! shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me.
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRU. Go to, you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

BRU. Away, slight man!

CAS. I'st possible?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CAS. Must I endure all this?

BRU. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods!
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this?

BRU. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true;
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?
BRU. If you did, I care not.
CAS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
BRU. Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.
CAS. I *durst* not?
BRU. No.
CAS. What *durst* not tempt him?
BRU. For your life you durst not.
CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRU. You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heavens! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me! Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces.
CAS. I denied you not.
BRU. You did.
CA. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart,

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRU. I do not till you practise them on me.
CAS. You love me not.
BRU. I do not like your faults.
CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.
CAS. Come, Antony! and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth!
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
BRU. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O, Cassius, you are yokéd with a man
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
CAS. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRU. And my heart too. (*Embracing.*)
CAS. O, Brutus!

BRU. What's the matter?
CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRU. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

SCENES FROM HAMLET.

HAMLET *and* GHOST *discovered.*

HAMLET. (C) Whither wilt thou lead me? speak!
I'll go no further.
GHOST. (L. C.) Mark me.
HAM. (R. C.) I will.
GHOST. My hour is almost come
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
HAM. Alas, poor ghost!
GHOST. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.
GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear!
HAM. What?
GHOST. I am thy father's spirit:
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: List, list, oh, list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
HAM. Oh, heaven!
GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
HAM. Murder!
GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
HAM. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
GHOST. I find thee apt.
Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so that the whole ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of my death,
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
HAM. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle?
GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!—
But, soft, methinks I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be:—sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment: whos eeffect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
So it did mine.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched!
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
HAM. Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible! most horrible!
GHOST. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest,
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. (*Vanishes*, L. C.)
HAM. (R.) Hold, hold, my heart;
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. (C.) Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by heaven,
I have sworn it. *Shakespeare.*

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

HAMLET *and* PLAYER *discovered.*

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise! I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

1ST ACT. (R.) I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame, neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, over done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's jour-

neymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1ST ACT. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

HAM. (C.) Oh, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. Horatio! (*Exit* 1*st Actor*, L.)

Enter HORATIO, R.

HORATIO, (R.)—Here, sweet lord, at your service,
HAM.—Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
HOR.—Oh, my dear lord!—
HAM.—Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast tae'n with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please; give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

There is a play to-night before the king:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

HOR.—Well, my lord.

HAM.—They are coming to the play; I must be idle.
Get you a place. (*Goes and stands*, R.)

HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER.

HAMLET.—Leave wringing of your hands: peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnéd custom have not brassed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN.—What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

HAM.— Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
QUEEN.— Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
HAM.—Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
Is apoplexed: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstacy was ne'er so thralled,
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling, sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
QUEEN.— O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainéd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
O, speak to me no more:
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
HAM.— A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.
QUEEN.— No more.
Enter GHOST.
HAM.—A king of shreds and patches,—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
QUEEN. Alas, he's mad!
HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
GHOST. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,
Speak to her, Hamlet.
HAM. How is it with you, lady?
QUEEN. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

HAM. On him ! on him ! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this ?

HAM. Do you see nothing there ?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear ?

QUEEN. No, nothing, but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived !
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit* GHOST.

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAM. Ecstasy !
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
QUEEN. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
HAM. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's room;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Shakespeare.

MACBETH.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

MACBETH. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw,
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before,—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire:—
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good night.
He is about it: The doors are open;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores:
I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die,
MACB. [*Within,*] Who's there?—what, hoa!
LADY M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confound us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't—My husband!

Enter Macbeth.

MACB. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did you not speak? MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended?

LADY M. Ay. MACB. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There 's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried "murther!" that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, God bless us.

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could I not pronounce, "Amen?"
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY M. What do you mean?

MACB. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murther'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

MACB. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 'twere best not to know myself. [*Knocking.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would thou could'st!
[*Exeunt.*

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE FROM MACBETH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

DOCT. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCT. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. —In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCT. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY M. Yet here 's a spot.

DOCT. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 'tis time to do 't!—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

DOCT. Do you mark that?

LADY M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCT. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCT. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCT. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

DOCT. Even so?

LADY M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady Macbeth.

KING JOHN.

ACT III. SCENE III.

KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert.
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy—thick,
(Which else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well:
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy; I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper. HUB. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death. HUB. My lord?

K. JOHN. A grave. HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—

ACT IV. SCENE I.

HUBERT *and* ARTHUR.

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you will find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1. ATTEND. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
Exeunt Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; And I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you;
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur [*Shewing a paper.*

How now, foolish rheum. [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
HUB. Young boy, I must. ARTH. And will you?
HUB. And I will.
ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will;
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's—

HUB. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with Cords, Irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me? my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1ST. ATTEND. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
HUB. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

BALCONY SCENE.

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[JULIET *appears on the Balcony, and sits down.*

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid, art far more fair than she.
"It is my lady; Oh! it is my love:
Oh, that she knew she were!"
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses: I will answer it.
I am too bold. Oh, were those eyes in heaven,
They would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
JULIET. Ah, me!
ROMEO. She speaks, she speaks!
Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
To the upturned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
JULIET. Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
ROMEO. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
JULIET. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title! Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
ROMEO. I take thee at thy word!
Call me but love, I will forswear my name
And never more be Romeo.
JULIET. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
ROMEO. By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am!
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
JULIET. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound!
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
ROMEO. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
JULIET. How cam'st thou hither?—tell me—and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place, death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ROMEO. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
JULIET. If they do see thee here, they'll murder thee.
ROMEO. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords! look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JULIET. I would not, for the world, they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROMEO. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed by the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
JULIET. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night!
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke! But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word! yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lover's perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo! but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light!
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so discovered.
ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—
JULIET. Oh! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by?
JULIET. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
ROMEO. If my true heart's love—
JULIET. Well, do not swear! Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—'It lightens.' Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
ROMEO. Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ROMEO. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROMEO. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JULIET. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
NURSE. [*Within*]—Madam!
JULIET. Anon, good Nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit from balcony*].
ROMEO. Oh! blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

JULIET. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay;
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

NURSE. [*Within*]—Madam!

JULIET. I come anon! But, if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE. [*Within*]—Madam!

JULIET. By and by, I come!—
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO. So thrive my soul—

JULIET. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*]

ROMEO. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Re-enter Juliet.

JULIET. Hist! Romeo, hist! Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO. It is my love that calls upon my name!
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET. Romeo!

ROMEO. My dear!

JULIET. At what o'clock to-morrow.
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO. At the hour of nine.

JULIET. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there.
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
JULIET. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty.
ROMEO. I would I were thy bird.
JULIET. Sweet, so would I!
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say—Good-night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit from balcony.*]
ROMEO. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Shakespeare.

THE POTION SCENE.

(Romeo and Juliet.)

JULIET'S CHAMBER.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET. Ay, those attires are best;—but gentle nurse.
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state;
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY C. What are you busy? Do you need my help?
JULIET. No, madam; we have culled such necessaries.
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

LADY C. Then, good-night!
Get thee to bed, and rest! for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

JULIET. Farewell!—Heaven knows when we shall meet again—
I have a faint cold fear, thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

[*Takes out the phial.*

Come, phial—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no;—this shall forbid it!—[*Draws a dagger.*]—Lie thou there.—
What, if it be a poison which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks it should not;
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environéd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,—
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
Oh, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee.—
[*Drinks the contents of the phial.*
Oh, potent draught, thou hast chilled me to the heart!—
My head turns round;—my senses fail me.—
Oh, Romeo! Romeo!— [*Throws herself on the bed.*

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

"Oh, is it a phantom? a dream of the night?
A vision which fever hath fashion'd to sight?
The wind, wailing ever, with motion uncertain
Sways sighingly there the drench'd tent's tatter'd curtain,
To and fro, up and down.
But it is not the wind
That is lifting it now; and it is not the mind
That hath moulded that vision.
A pale woman enters,
As wan as the lamp's waning light, which concentres
Its dull glare upon her. With eyes dim and dimmer,
There, all in a slumb'rous and shadowy glimmer,
The sufferer sees that still form floating on,
And feels faintly aware that he is not alone.

She is flitting before him. She pauses. She stands
By his bedside all silent. She lays her white hands
On the brow of the boy. A light finger is pressing
Softly, softly, the sore wounds; the hot blood-stained
dressing
Slips from them. A comforting quietude steals
Thro' the racked weary frame; and throughout it,he feels
The slow sense of a merciful, mild neighbourhood.
Something smoothes the toss'd pillow. Beneath a gray
hood
Of rough serge, two intense tender eyes are bent o'er him,
And thrill thro' and thro' him. The sweet form before
him,
It is surely Death's angel Life's last vigil keeping!
A soft voice says—'Sleep!'
And he sleeps: he is sleeping.
"He waked before dawn. Still the vision is there:
Still that pale woman moves not. A minist'ring care
Meanwhile has been silently changing and cheering
The aspect of all things around him.
Revering
Some power unknown and benignant, he bless'd
In silence the sense of salvation. And rest
Having loosen'd the mind's tangled meshes, he faintly
Sigh'd—'Say what thou art, blessed dream of a saintly
'And minist'ring spirit!
A whisper serene
Slid softer than silence—'The Sœur Seraphine,
'A poor Sister of Charity. Shun to inquire
'Aught further, young soldier. The son of thy sire,
'For the sake of that sire, I reclaim from the grave.
'Thou didst not shun death: shun not life. 'Tis more
brave
To live than to die. Sleep!'
He sleeps: he is sleeping.
"He waken'd again, when the dawn was just steeping
The skies with chill splendour. And there, never flitting,
Never flitting, that vision of mercy was sitting.

As the dawn to the darkness, so life seem'd returning
Slowly, feebly within him. The night-lamp, yet burning,
Made ghastly the glimmering daybreak.
He said:
'If thou be of the living, and not of the dead,
'Sweet minister, pour out yet further the healing
'Of that balmy voice; if it may be, revealing
'Thy mission of mercy! whence art thou?
'O son
'Of Matilda and Alfred, it matters not! One
'Who is not of the living nor yet of the dead;
'To thee, and to others, alive yet'—she said—
'So long as there liveth the poor gift in me
'Of this ministration; to them, and to thee,
'Dead in all things beside. A French nun, whose vocation
'Is now by this bedside. A nun hath no nation.
'Wherever man suffers, or woman may soothe,
'There her land! there her kindred!'
She bent down to smooth
The hot pillow, and added—'Yet more than another
'Is thy life dear to me. For thy father, thy mother,
'I know them—I know them.'
'Oh can it be? you!
'My dearest, dear father! my mother! you knew,
'You know them?'
She bow'd, half averting her head
In silence.
He brokenly, timidly said,
'Do they know I am thus?'
'Hush!'—she smiled as she drew
From her bosom two letters; and—can it be true?
That beloved and familiar writing!
He burst
Into tears—'My poor mother,—my father! the worst
'Will have reached them!'
'No, no!' she exclaimed with a smile,
'They know you are living; they know that meanwhile

'I am watching beside you. Young soldier, weep not!'
But still on the nun's nursing bosom, the hot
Fever'd brow of the boy weeping wildly is press'd.
There, at last, the young heart sobs itself into rest;
And he hears, as it were between smiling and weeping,
The calm voice say—'Sleep!'
And he sleeps, he is sleeping."

SIM'S LITTLE GIRL.

Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't wait a minute. Business particular—concerns the Company.

I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I? When a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know its because he sees sore need of it.

Just takin' drinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here.

Of all the men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands. Ours is a grand business—I don't think folks looks at it as they ought to. Remember when I was a young fellow, like you, just set up with an engine, I used to feel like a strong angel, or somethin', rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power sort of made me think fast.

I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home, the little woman and me: our hearts were set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer—she used to say so, anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too. But you know what it is to love a woman, George Burks—I saw you walking with a blue-eyed little thing last Sunday.

After a while we had the little girl. We talked a good deal about what we should call her, my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine story names we heard of. But nothin' seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Endora Isabel. But that sounded like folderol. Then we had up Rebeccar, and Maud, and Amanda Ann, and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see "Katie." She looked Katie. I took to calling her Katie, and she learned it—so Katie she was.

I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made'n a wax figger; her eyes was bigger and blacker'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead, and her hair was that light kind that all runs to curls and glitter.

Soon's she could toddle, she used to come dancin' to meet me. I've soiled a-many of her white pinafores buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft like under the roof of my heart, "God bless my baby! God bless my little lamb!"

As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engin'—even took her into my cab, and showed the 'tachments of the engin', and learned her signals and such things. She tuk such an interest, and was the smartest little thing! Seemed as if she had always knowed 'em. She loved the road. Remember once hearing her say to a playmate: "There's my papa. He's an engineer. Don't you wish he was your papa?"

My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her mite of a hand as we rushed by.

Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good fellowship you was imbibin' awhile ago. Made the engine whizz! We was awful jolly, the fireman and me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the Company would have shipped me. Warn't no such time

made on that road before nor since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about, but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town.

I had a tipsy eye out, and, George, as we was flyin' through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag and standin' stock still!

The air seemed full of Katies. I could have stopped the engine if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right along into a pile of ties some wretch had placed on the track!—right over my baby! Oh, my baby! Go away, George.

There! And do you want me to tell you how that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you I walked alive a murderer of my own child, who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good fellowship you were drinkin' awhile ago brought all this on me?

You'll let this pass by, makin' up your mind to be moderate. Hope you will. I was a moderate un.

(Oh, God! Oh, my baby!)

Mary Hartwell.

PRAYER.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson.

EXPERIENCE WITH EUROPEAN GUIDES.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would, —and if you interrupt and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstacies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we never went into ecstacies any more, — we never admired anything, — we never showed anything but impassable faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of

Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation, —full of impatience. He said :—

"Come wis me, genteelmen !—come ! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo !—write it himself !—write it wis his own hand !—come ! "

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger :—

"What I tell you, genteelmen ! Is it not so ? See ! handwriting Christopher Colombo !—write it himself ! "

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this ? "

"Christopher Colombo ! ze great Christopher Colombo ! "

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or,—or, how ? "

"He write it himself !—Christopher Colombo ! he's own handwriting, write by himself ! "

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is ! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out !—and if you haven't, drive on ! "

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it was beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude,—

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Columbo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:—

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did he do?"

"Discover America!—discover America—oh, ze diable!"

"Discover America? No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name,—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Bacco!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know what he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do not know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust."

That joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide.

Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last, —a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him :—

"See, genteelmen !—Mummy ! Mummy !"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was ?"

"Name ?—he got no name !—Mummy !—'Gyptian mummy !"

"Yes, yes. Born here ?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy !"

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume ?"

"No ! Not Frenchman, not Roman ! Born in Egypta !"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed ! Is—ah !—is he dead ?"

"Oh, sacré bleu ! been dead three thousan' year !"

The doctor turned on him savagely :—

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this ? Playing us for Chinamen, because we are strangers and trying to learn ! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on us ! Thunder and lightning ! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice, fresh corpse fetch him out !—or we'll brain you !"

However, he has paid us back partly, and without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask

if we were up, and he endeavoured, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

Mark Twain.

FIRST EXPERIENCE.

A very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his experience in America: I came to this country several years ago, and, as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, the cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, etc., were kept, and then sent me in to my supper. After supper, he said to me: "James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn *in the ear*." I went out and walked about, thinking, "what could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would enquire again; so I went into the library where my master was writing very busily, and he answered me without looking up: "I thought I told you to give the cow some corn *in the ear*."

I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn *in the ear*, but didn't you mean the *mouth?*" He looked at me a moment, and then

burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stable as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
  Fur I've brought you sumpin great.
Apples? No, a deal sight better!
  Don't you take no interest, wait!
Flowers, Joe,—I know'd you'd like 'em—
  Ain't them scrumptious, ain't them high?
Tears, my boy, what's them fur, Joey?
  There—poor little Joe—don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder,
  Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
  Each one climbin' from a pot.
Every bush had flowers on it;
  Pretty! Mebbe not! Oh no!
Wish you could a-seen 'm growin',
  It was such a stunnin show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
  Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
  And I puts on lots o' cheek;
"Missus," says I, "if yo please, mum,
  Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus,
  Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
  How I bringed you up,—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women-folks to do it)
  Sich a imp you was, you know—

Till yer got that awful tumble,
  Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too), to earn yer livin'
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you—
  So's you couldn't hyper much —
Joe, it hurted when I see you
  For the first time with your crutch.
" But," I says, " he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day."
Joè, she up and went to cuttin'—
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say ! it seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yourself to-night ;
Kind o' chirk, it's been a fortnight
  Sence your eyes have been so bright.
Better ! well, I'm glad to hear it !
  Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of them's made you happy ?
  Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country did you ?
  Flowers growin' everywhere !
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
  Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven ! 'M—I spose so ;
  Dunno much about it though ;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
  On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heerd it hinted somewheres
  That in heaven's golden gates,
Things is everlastin' cheerful,
  B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.

Likewise, there folks don't get hungry;
So good people when they dies,
Finds themselves well-fixed for ever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes?

Thought they looked a little singler.
Oh no! don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made for such as you is—
Joe, what makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe, my boy, hold up your head!
Here's your flowers you dropped 'em, Joey.
Oh, my Joe! can he be dead?

Peleg Arkwright.

NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd upon my brain
As I look upward to thee! It would seem
As if God poured thee from His hollow hand,
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spake in that loud voice that seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rock!

Deep calleth unto deep, and what are we
That hear the questions of that voice sublime?
O what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thine unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him

Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave
That runs and whispers of thy Maker's might!

John G. C. Brainard.

WOUNDED.

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here low on the trampled grass, where I may see,
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear,
The glad cry of Victory, cheer upon cheer,
Let me lie down.

Oh! it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged in the triumph to share,
The tempest, its fury and thunder were there,
On! on! o'er entrenchments, o'er living, o'er dead,
With the foe under our feet, and our flag overhead,
Oh! it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah! how can I rest,
With this shot-shattered head, and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,—
Wounded and faint.

Dying at last!
My Mother, dear Mother, with meek tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last!

I am no saint!
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,—
"Our Father;" and then says, "Forgive us our sins,"—
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, Amen!
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark! there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades, we've conquered, I know,
Up, up, on my feet, with my face to the foe.
Ah! there flies our flag with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of victory, the symbol of might,
Well! may we shout.

I'm mustered out!
Oh! God of our Fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down oppression, rebellion, and wrong.
Oh! land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God.
I'm mustered out!

Anon.

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face,
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:

"A favour so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

Robert Story.

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:—
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher?
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining. He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without

Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."

They could not see him but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes

Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept,
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at their feet

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
Jumped to get out of the way,—and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh! you'd admire,
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief too, most of the time.
Tom, it was saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom too—
Yes, Tom is our dog.

Constance Fenimore Woolsen.

TEMPERANCE.

The need of the hour is a grand tidal wave of total abstinence sweeping over the land. The strongest protest possible must be made against intemperance. Total abstinence is the protest. Will it be made with sufficient force to save the people? This is the vital question for the future of America, and I might add for the future of religion. What is to be done? I speak to those who by position, influence, talent, or office ought to take an interest in the people. In the name of humanity, of country, of religion, by all the most sacred ties that bind us to our fellow-men, for the love of Him who died for souls, I beseech you, declare war against intemperance! Arrest its onward march! If total abstinence does not appear to you the remedy, adopt some other. If you differ from me in the means you propose, I will not complain. But I will complain in the bitterness of my soul if you stand by, arms folded, while this dreadful torrent is sweeping over the land, carrying with it ruin and misery. The brightest minds and the noblest hearts are numbered among the victims. Human wrecks whose fortune it has dissipated, whose intellect it has stifled, are strewn over the land as thick as autumnal leaves in the forest. Alcohol directly inflames the passions; it is oil poured on the burning fire. It turns man into an animal; it makes him the demon incarnate. One week's perusal of the daily paper fills the mind with horror at the shocking accidents, the suicides, the murders, the ruin of innocence, and the crimes of all kinds caused by intemperance.

Rt. Rev. John Ireland.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman

had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of nature to a child
In its first fresh impression! Laura stood

By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That look'd so still and delicate above,
Fill'd her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the first golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and, putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively,—
"Father, dear father, God has made a star."

Willis.

EVE'S REGRETS ON QUITTING PARADISE.

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both! O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Milton.

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said,
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
"'Tis the very thing I want," she said;
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read her the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray:
In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth, who had fought so well
That his comrades asked, "Who is he, pray?"
"The only son of the widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear.

"Well, well, read on: is he wounded? be quick
O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!"
"Is he wounded? no! he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day!"
But see! the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the event of the fight;
Faintly she murmured, "Killed outright;
It has caused the death of my only son;

But the battle is fought and the victory won;
The will of the Lord, let it be done!"
God pity the cheerless widow Gray,
And send from the halls of eternal day
The light of His peace to illumine her way!

LITTLE MARY'S WISH.

"I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, 'Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true;
So I've wished such a beautiful thing!

"I thought I would like to ask something for *you*,
But I couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want while you had all those beautiful things;
Besides, you have papa and me.

"So I wished for a ladder, so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars
And lean against heaven's white floor.

"Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes;
Then I'd find some white roses to take up to God—
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

"And you and dear papa would sit on the ground
And kiss me, and tell me 'Good-bye!'
Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky.

"I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but *one* little crack I could see,
I would whisper, 'Please, God, let this little girl in,
She's as tired as she can be!

"'She came all alone from the earth to the sky,
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of heaven, with their robins and flowers;
Please, God, is there room there for me?'

"And then, when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, 'Bring the little child here,'
But he'd speak it so softly I'd not be afraid;
And he'd smile just like you, mother dear.

"He would put His kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask Him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
Oh, dear! don't you wish 'twould come true?"

The next spring time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grasses and flowers
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child,
For her flight to the summer land,
In a fair white robe, with one snow white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top appears.

Mrs. L. M. Blinn.

"GOOD-BYE."

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it:—"Good-bye!" "Good-bye! Come down and

see us soon." "I will. Good-bye." "Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up." "I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you the next time." "I will. I'd have brought her this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully." "Did she now? That was too bad! Be sure and bring her next time." "I will; and you be sure and bring baby." "I will; I forgot to tell you that he's cut another tooth." "You don't say so! How many has he now?" "Five. It makes him awfully cross." "I dare say it does this hot weather. Well, good-bye! Don't forget to come down." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-bye!" And they separate.

THE WEDDING FEE.

One morning, fifty years ago,—
When apple trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spell-bound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-browned youth, and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies;
But bluer were that maiden's eyes.
The dew-drops on the grass were bright;
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulders brown and bare
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so!
And she without the least surprise
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes;
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And with a joy but rarely known
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by her bridal bonnet hid—
I shall not tell you what she did!

So, on they ride until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out,—a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face.
"What shall we do," he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And glancing down his eyes surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joy for them.
The maiden answers, "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then, at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And, as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window-sill and yells,
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.
Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door;
And, down upon the parlour floor,
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away.
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Whitinsville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

R. M. Streeter.

THE FIREMAN.

'Tis a cold bleak night! with angry roar
The north winds beat and clamour at the door;
The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps thrown,
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
In happy homes where warmth and comfort meet.
The weary traveller with their smiles to greet;

In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
Round starving embers, chilling limbs to warm,
Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light—
"Thank God for home, this bitter, bitter night!"

But hark! above the beating of the storm
Peals on the startled ear the fire alarm!
Yon gloomy heaven's aflame with sudden light,
And heart-beats quicken with a strange affright;
From tranquil slumbers springs, at duty's call,
The ready friend no danger can appal;
Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling, fiercely shooting out,
Devouring all they coil themselves about,
The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.
Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe
In vain attempts their power to overthrow;
With mocking glee they revel with their prey,
Defying human skill to check their way.

And see! far up above the flames hot breath,
Something that's human waits a horrid death;
A little child, with waving golden hair,
Stands, like a phantom, 'mid the horrid glare,
Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.
And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
A mother screams, "O, God! my child! my child!"

Up goes a ladder. Through the startled throng
A hardy fireman swiftly moves along;
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path,
Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;

But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!
His strong arm beats the sash, and he is gone!

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround
And burn and beat his ladder to the ground,
In flaming columns move with quickened beat
To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.
Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore;
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honours nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast; subdue these gloomy fears;
Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.
Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
Behold how fast the roaring flames advance!
Quick! quick! brave spirits to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens! this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing, with tender care, his living load;
Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart that can so nobly brave.
He's up again! and now he's coming fast!
One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed!
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain!
A happy mother clasps her child again!

George M. Baker.

THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every art.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched;
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honour of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs,
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth, and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang; what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Longfellow.

ROCK OF AGES.

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Sang the lady, soft and low,
And her voice's gentle flow
Rose upon the evening air
With the sweet and solemn prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Yet she sang as oft she had
When her heart was gay and glad,
Sang because she felt alone,
Sang because her soul had grown
Weary with the tedious day,
Sang to while the hours away:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Where the fitful gaslight falls
On her father's massive walls.
On the chill and silent street
Where the lights and shadows meet,
There the lady's voice was heard,
As the breath of night was stirred
With her tones so sweet and clear,
Wafting up to God that prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Wandering, homeless thro' the night,
Praying for the morning light,
Pale and haggard, wan and weak,
With sunken eye and hollow cheek
Went a woman, one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife;
One, a lost and only child,
One by sin and shame defiled;
And her heart with sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady when she sung:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Pausing, low her head she bent,
And the music as it went
Pierced her blackened soul, and brought
Back to her (as lost in thought
Tremblingly she stood) the past,
And the burning tears fell fast,
As she called to mind the days
When she walked in virtue's ways.
When she sang that very song
With no sense of sin or wrong:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that moment felt
More than she could speak, as there
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer,
And the God she had forgot
Smiled upon her lonely lot;
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sung in silence there,
That her voice had pierced a soul
That had lived 'neath sin's control!
Little knew, when she had done,
That a lost and erring one
Heard her—as she breathed that strain—
And returned to God again!

F. L. Stanton.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called on Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward to sup with me. In passing through some dark narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my symphony in F," he said eagerly. "Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling; and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice sobbing: "I can not play any more—it is so beautiful, it is so utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne?"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create re-

grets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish, for once in my life, to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it!" And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly out very poorly dressed, and both started and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the fraulein——"

He paused and coloured up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music; since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently—"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. "Listen," he said, and he played the opening bars of the symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then, you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars—then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning towards the door; "farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it!" We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as " the worst of the Deacon's six ;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
" Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn ;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn ;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week ;
Never forgot, an' never slipped ;
But " Honour thy father and mother " he skipped ;
So *over the hill to the poor-house !*

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind ;
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she would'nt sacrifice
For one she loved ; an' that 'ere one,
Was herself, when all was said an' done ;
An' Charley, an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about ;

An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me ;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbour's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place ;

My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I'm inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whiskey spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried and prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well,
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An' better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbour, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbour he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of some one Charley had sold it to;

And held back neither work nor gold,
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire-place, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
I wound it an' set it agoin' myself;
And if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

One blowin', blusterin', winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal;
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
To see her a-gettin the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of them owe me more or less;)

But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can;
That whether on the big book, a blot
Get's over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With *over the hill from the poor-house.*

Will Carleton.

THE WORLD FROM THE SIDEWALK.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
In the glare of a city lamp,
And list to the tread of the millions feet
In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd go to and fro,
'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud,
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl:
And the daughter of toil with her fresh young heart
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of the city's ills,

As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills;
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his lean, wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by
As they give him little or much.

Ah me! when the hours go joyfully by,
How little we stop to heed
Our brothers' and sisters' despairing cry
In their woe and their bitter need!
Yet such a world as the angels sought
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love that the Father taught
Was felt by each for all.

Yet a few short years and this motley throng
Will all have passed away,
And the rich and the poor and the old and the young
Will be undistinguished clay.
And lips that laugh and lips that moan,
Shall in silence alike be sealed,
And some will lie under stately stone,
And some in the Potter's Field.

But the sun will be shining just as bright,
And so will the silver moon,
And just such a crowd will be here at night,
And just such a crowd at noon;
And men will be wicked and women will sin,
As ever since Adam's fall,
With the same old world to labour in,
And the same God over all.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As, underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now, in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "*pastimes*," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnn*y*." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "*John*," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again; and the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda-water bottle ejects its cork, and the "JOHN HENRY" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature, and he pops out of that bed, and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O good painter, tell me true,
  Has your hand the cunning to draw
  Shapes of things that you never saw ?
Aye ? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
  The picture must not be over bright,—
  Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
  Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
  Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound !

These and the little house where I was born,
Low, and little, and black, and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush ;
  Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
  Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
  With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;
Oh, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid,
Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop

The first half hour the great yellow star
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreath of shadow, day after day,—
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine indeed;
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies.
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—

Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry tree,—
The mother, – the lads with their birds at her knee ;
But, oh, the look of reproachful woe !
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Alice Cary.

"CHRIST TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER."

I think that look of Christ might seem to say—
"Thou, Peter ! art thou then a common stone,
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to His high angels may
Guard my foot better ? Did I yesterday
Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny me, 'neath the morning sun ?
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray ?
The cock crows coldly. Go and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear !
For when thy deadly need is bitterest,
Thou shall not be denied as I am here ;
My voice, to God and angels, shall attest—
Because I knew this man let him be clear !"

Elizabeth B. Browning.

THE JESTER'S CHOICE.

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest of folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
  Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
  Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
  Of his serene and raging highness:
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
  Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows: his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
  Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath:
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave!
  Thou stand'st condemned to certain death:
Silence, base rebel! no replying!
  But such is my indulgence still,
  That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."
"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
  "Since my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
  I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

Horace Smith.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlour of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling quills
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic trills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.

Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

—Catherine, child of a neighbour, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow,—something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
—"Open it, open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
"Open it, open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HIRED SQUIRREL.

(A RUSSIAN FABLE.)

A Lion to the Squirrel said:
"Work faithfully for me,
And when your task is done, my friend,
Rewarded you shall be
With barrel-full of finest nuts,
Fresh from my own nut-tree."
"My Lion King," the Squirrel said,
"To this I do agree."

The Squirrel toiled both day and night,
Quite faithful to his hire;
So hungry and so faint sometimes
He thought he should expire.

But still he kept his courage up,
And tugged with might and main.
"How nice the nuts will taste," he thought,
"When I my barrel gain."

At last, when he was nearly dead,
And thin and old and grey,
Quoth Lion: "There's no more hard work
You're fit to do. I'll pay."
A barrel-full of nuts he gave—
Ripe, rich, and big; but oh!
The Squirrel's tears ran down his cheeks.
He'd *lost his teeth*, you know!

Laura Sanford.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

The sails were furl'd ; with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,—
Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes and islands of the blest;
And human voices on the silent air
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there !
Chosen of men ! 'Twas thine at noon of night
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light ?
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul and makes the darkness day !)
" Pedro ! Rodrigo ! there methought it shone !
There—in the west ! and now, alas, 'tis gone !—
'Twas all a dream ! we gaze and gaze in vain !
But mark and speak not, there it comes again !
It moves !—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air ?
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own !
Oh, when will day reveal a world unknown ? "
Long on the deep the mists of morning lay ;
Then rose, revealing as they rolled away
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods :
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of heaven,—
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, bless'd the wondrous man,—
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies ?
" Glory to God ! " unnumber'd voices sung,—
" Glory to God ! " the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hail'd creation's primal morn.
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and kneeling kiss'd the shore.

Rogers.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
  Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow—
  No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
  The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this; God rules the hosts of heaven—
  The inhabitants of the earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
  But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter like the circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
  Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
  Light, when thou else wert blind.

Schiller.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour that you

may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart:—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. *Shakespeare.*

THE SERENADE.

A youth went out to serenade
  The lady whom he loved the best,
And passed beneath the mansion's shade,
  Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hill-tops' rim,
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze,
He drew much nearer than before,
When, to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come, by choice or chance,
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate.
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
Its sparkling fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.

He who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture: and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety;
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;

Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger,
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!
Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"GINEVRA."

There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

Samuel Rogers.

THE LAST STATION.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous; but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard-engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by the Saginaw Road change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to

see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer, and conductor.

One of the yard-engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-silanti! Change cars here for the Eel River Road!"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that, that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head, and whispered:

"De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face, and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.

Detroit Free Press.

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

ST. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?
Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.
ST. And when you are one, what do you intend?
Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.
ST. Suppose it so,—what have you next in view?
Y. That I may get to be a canon, too.
ST. Well; and how then?
Y. Why, then, for aught I know
I may be made a bishop.
ST. Be it so—
What then?
Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
ST. Suppose it was, what then?
Y. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
ST. Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure;
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
ST. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best
But wish, and hope, and maybe all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide;

Then think of that which may b[redacted]
When well prepared, who knows what may [redacted]ceed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

Dr. Byrom.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth,
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made—
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
'Rite is seventeen to-day,
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

KEYS.

Long ago in the old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime
Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too, in truth,
For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us and we feel our youth again.

"We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-time joy and glee,
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key! *Bessie Chandler.*

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat, a bird afloat,
Skims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks it sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim the mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie, blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail,
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense, the cooling sense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes my spirit flies
Where summer sings and never dies—
O'erveiled with vines, she glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children, hid the cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;

Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rock like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one its course has run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh! happy ship, to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh! happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

T. Buchanan Read.

ELIZABETH.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Red-breast
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only

Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Hadden
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.
Thus came the lovely spring, with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.
Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting
In the neighbouring town; and with them came riding, John Estaugh.
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden,
Then re-mounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:
"Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."
And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken:
"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning,
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for His guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,
"So is it best, John Estaugh, we will not speak of it further,
It hath been laid on me to tell thee this, for to-morrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here, and to find me."
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

Longfellow.

"ASK MAMMA."

A bachelor squire of no great possession, long come to what should have been years of discretion, determined to change his old habits of life, and comfort his days by taking a wife. He had long been the sport of the girls in the place,—they liked his good, simple, quiet, cheery, fat face; and whenever he went to a tea-drinking party, the flirts were in raptures—our friend was so hearty! They'd fasten a cord near the foot of the door, and bring down the jolly old chap on the floor; they'd pull off his wig while he floundered about, and hide it, and laugh till he hunted it out; they would tie his coat-tails to the back of his seat, and scream with delight when he rose to his feet; they would send him at Christmas a box full of bricks, and play on his temper all manner of tricks. One evening they pressed him to play on the flute, and he blew in his eyes a rare scatter of soot! He took it so calmly, and laughed while he spoke, that they hugged him to pardon their nasty "black joke." One really appeared so sincere in her sorrow, that he vowed to himself he would ASK her to-morrow,—and not one of the girls but would envy her lot, if this jolly old bachelor's offer she got; for they never had dreamed of his playing the beau, or doubtless they would not have treated him so. However, next day to fair Fanny's amazement, she saw him approach as she stood at the casement; and he very soon gave her to know his desire, that she should become the dear wife of the squire. "La! now, Mr. Friendly, what would they all say?" but she thought that not one of them all would say nay: she was flustered with pleasure, and coyness, and pride to be thus unexpectedly sued for a bride. She did not refuse him, but yet did not like, to say "Yes," all at once—the hot iron to strike; so to give the proposal the greater *eclat*, she said, "Dear Mr. Friendly,—you'd best ask mamma!" Good morning, then, Fanny, I'll do what

you say; as she's out, I shall call in the course of the day. Fanny blushed as she gave him her hand for good-bye, and she did not know which to do first—laugh or cry; to wed such a dear darling man, nothing loth; for variety's sake in her joy, she did both! "O, what will mamma say, and all the young girls?" she thought as she played with her beautiful curls. "I wish I had said Yes at once,—'twas too bad—not to ease his dear mind—O, I wish that I had! I wish he had asked me to give him a kiss,—but he can't be in doubt of my feeling—that's bliss! O, I wish that mamma would come for the news: such a good dear kind soul, she will never refuse! There's the bell—here she is ..... O, mamma!"—"Child, preserve us! What ails you, dear Fanny? What makes you so nervous?" "I really can't tell you just now,—bye and bye "Mr. Friendly will call—and he'll tell you—not I." "Mr. Friendly, my child! what about him, pray?" "O, mamma,—he's to call—in the course of the day. He was here just this minute,—and shortly you'll see he'll make you as happy as he has made me. I declare he has seen you come home—that's his ring; I will leave you and him, now to settle the thing." Fanny left in a flutter: her mother—the gipsy—she'd made her as giddy as though she'd been tipsy! Mr. Friendly came in, and the widow and he, were soon as delighted as Fanny could be; he asked the dear *widow* to change her estate;—she consented at once, and a kiss sealed her fate. Fanny came trembling in—overloaded with pleasure—but soon she was puzzled in as great a measure. "Dear Fanny," said Friendly, "I've done what you said," but what he had done, never entered her head—"I've asked your mamma, and she's given her consent;" Fanny flew to his arms to express her content. He kissed her and said,—as he kissed her mamma,—"I'm so glad, my dear Fan, that you like your papa!" Poor Fanny now found out the state of the case, and she blubbered outright with a pitiful face; it was all she could do, under heavy constraint, to preserve herself conscious, and keep off a faint! She

determined, next time she'd a chance, you may guess, not to say, "Ask mamma," but at once to say "Yes!"

A. M. Bell.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir,"
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir,
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.

At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old;)—
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Grey-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth,
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the *law.*
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered
When at last these words they heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."

And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself the "guilty" child.

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep, by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

PAPA CAN'T FIND ME.

No little step do I hear in the hall,
Only a sweet little laugh, that is all.
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight,
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright,
Two little hands a wee face try to screen,
Baby is hiding, that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious I've missed so all day?"
"Papa can't find me!" the pretty lips say.

"Dear me, I wonder where baby can be!"
Then I go by, and pretend not to see.
"Not in the parlour, and not on the stairs?
Then I must peep under sofas and chairs."
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright,
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight.
Home will indeed be sad, weary and lone,
When papa can't find you, my darling, my own.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting, by his master, a St. Anne, and a holy Joseph, which are extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit. The incident related occurred about the year 1630:

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace—
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed;
"Whose work is this?—speak, tell me!—he
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all;
Would I had done it!—Ferdinand!
Isturitz! Mendez!—say, whose hand
Among ye all?"—With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered,—"'Twas not I!"

"How came it then?" impatiently
Murillo cried; "but we shall see,
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian!"
At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave.
For ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threatened—if he did not tell
The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.
"Thou answerest not," Murillo said;
(The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
"Speak on!"—At last he raised his head
And murmured, "No one has been here."
"'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee,
And clasped his hands imploringly,
And said. "I swear it, none but me!"

"List!" said his master. "I would know
Who enters here—there have been found
Before, rough sketches strewn around,
By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show;

See that to-night strict watch you keep,
Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
If on to-morrow morn you fail
To answer what I ask,
The lash shall force you—do you hear?
Hence! to your daily task."

* * * * * *

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray
Within Murillo's study—all were gone
Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,
Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,
That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
One bright-eyed boy was there—Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child—that boy had seen
Not thrice five summers yet,
But genius marked the lofty brow,
O'er which his locks of jet
Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said.
"The lash, if I refuse to tell
Who sketched those figures—if I do,
Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon-cell!"
He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid;
It came—for soon in slumber laid,
He slept, until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more!" he cried; "and now
Three hours of freedom I may gain,
Before my master comes, for then
I shall be but a slave again.

Three blessed hours of freedom! how
Shall I employ them?—ah! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light
Gave to the head a softened glow;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
He cried, "Shall I efface it?—No!
That breathing lip! that beaming eye
Efface them?—I would rather die!"

The terror of the humble slave
Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings Nature gave—
Which only gifted spirits know.

He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed
His pencil had some magic power;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
Sebastian then forgot the hour!
Forgot his master, and the threat
Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
For, with each touch, new beauties met
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
He gazed—could aught more beauteous be!—
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started—horror chilled his blood!
His master and the pupils all
Were there e'en at his side!
The terror-stricken slave was mute—
Mercy would be denied,
E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
  Each with an artist's joy;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke—
  "Who is your master, boy?"
"You, Senor," said the trembling slave.
"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered, "Only you."
"I gave you none," Murillo cried!
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
  "What you to others said."
"And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said; "'tis plainly shown
  That you have profited."

"What (to his pupils) is his meed?
  Reward or punishment?"
"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried,
  (Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)
"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
  And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
  Silent and motionless.
"Speak!" said Murillo kindly; "choose
  Your own reward—what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
  Then speak at once and fearlessly."
"Oh! if I dared!"—Sebastian knelt
  And feelings he could not control,
(But feared to utter even then)
  With strong emotion, shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,

To soothe his overpow'ring dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,
"Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,
Ask for your *freedom!*"—At the word,
The suppliant strove to raise his voice:
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—
"Oh! master, make my *father* free!"
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.
"Thy talents rare, and filial love,
E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
Of generous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian's talents soon must lead
To fame that would his own eclipse;
And, constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care such matchless skill
As made his name the pride of Spain.

Susan Wilson.

ONLY SIXTEEN.

Only sixteen, so the papers say,
Yet there, on the cold, stony ground he lay;
'Tis the same sad story, we hear every day—
He came to his death in the public highway.
Full of promise, talent and pride;
Yet the rum fiend conquered him—so he died.
Did not the angels weep over the scene?
For he died a drunkard—and only sixteen,—
Only sixteen.

Oh! it were sad he must die all alone;
That of all his friends, not even one
Was there to list to his last faint moan,
Or point the suffering soul to the throne
Of grace. If, perchance, God's only Son
Would say, "Whosoever will may come—"
But we hasten to draw a veil over the scene,
With his God we leave him—only sixteen,—
Only sixteen.

Rumseller, come view the work you have wrought!
Witness the suffering and pain you have brought
To the poor boy's friends. They loved him well,
And yet you dared the vile beverage to sell
That beclouded his brain, did his reason dethrone,
And left him to die out there all alone.
What, if 'twere *your* son, instead of another?
What if your wife were that poor boy's mother,—
And he only sixteen?

Ye freeholders, who signed the petition to grant
The license to sell, do you think you will want
That record to meet in that last great day,
When heaven and earth shall have passed away.
When the elements, melting with fervent heat,
Shall proclaim the triumph of RIGHT complete?
Will you wish to have his blood on your hand
When before the great throne you each shall stand,—
And he only sixteen?

Christian men! rouse ye to stand for the right,
To action and duty; into the light
Come with your banners, inscribed, "Death to rum!"
Let your conscience speak. Listen, then, come;
Strike killing blows; hew to the line;
Make it a felony even to sign
A petition to license, you would do it, I ween,
If that were your son, and he only sixteen,
Only sixteen.

THE RETORT.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
  Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
  And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
  Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
  And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
  And simple Katie sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
  She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.
The husband's anger rose, and red
  And white his face alternate grew:
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said
  "O, dear, I didn't know 'twas you."

"LITTLE BENNIE."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
  As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
  Stuffed as full as full can be,
And attentive listening to me
  With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
  Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder,"
  And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
  In his crimson stockings hid.

While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood
Brimming high with dainty custard
Sent me by a neighbour good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humour
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then, how Bennie's blue eyes kindled;
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit,"
But the door was fastened tight,
So he stood abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames grow higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,

"Santa Kaus, come down the chimney,
Make my Mudder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Bennie,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled round the fireside,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my playworn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer;
"God bess Fader, God bess Moder,
God bess Sister," then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek,
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

Annie C. Ketchum.

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted,
And friends once fond, grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed and low,—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low, for very shame,
That thing the slanderer dare not name,—
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,—
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Good morning, Doctor; how do you do? I haint quite so well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I don't think that last medicine you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the ear-ache last night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Doctor, I have had the worst kind of a narvous head-ache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflictedest human that ever lived.

Since this cold weather sot in, that troublesome cough, that I have had every winter for the last fifteen year, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give me anything that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

Then I have a crick, at times, in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, dear! What shall I do! I have consulted almost every doctor in the country, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried everything that I could think of; but I can't find anything that does me the leastest good. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, this cough—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the rising of Deacon Jones' saw mill; its getting to be very troublesome just before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl round in any fashion.

What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out ploughing last week? Why, the weacked old critter, she kept backing and backing on, till she back'd me right up agin the coulter, and knocked a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day, Doctor. You see it was washing-day—and my wife wanted me to go out and bring in a little stove-wood—you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to everything about the house herself.

I knew it wouldn't be safe for me to go out—as it was a raining at the time—but I thought I'd risk it any how. So I went out, pick'd up a few chunks of stove-wood, and was a coming up the steps into the house, when my feet slipp'd from under me, and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip, and knocked out three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face aint well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, specially by the women folks. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that aint all, Doctor, I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm feared I'm going to have the "yallar janders." (*Coughs.*)

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet.
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey,
  Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
  While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
  As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
  Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
  Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
  Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
  Prove yourself a soldier true
If where fire and smoke are thickest
  There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
  You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
  You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
  For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
  She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
  Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labour,
  You can find it anywhere.

SATISFACTION.

They sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although I can't see what it meant,
The little maid looked ill-content.

His task was then anew begun,
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more the little maid sought he
And bent him down upon his knee;
She turned her eyes upon the floor;
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then his sweet behest
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid—he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

MY TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
  List'ning to the falling rain,

As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread;
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Rests within the home of God:

But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import great and deep—
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep:"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked—"Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

THE RIFT OF THE ROCK.

In the rift of the rock He has covered my head,
When the tempest was wild in the desolate land.
Through a pathway uncertain my steps He has led,
And I felt in the darkness the touch of His hand
Leading on, leading over the slippery steep,
Where came but the echoing sound of the shock,
And, clear through the sorrowful moan of the deep,
The singing of birds in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock He has sheltered my soul
When at noonday the toilers grew faint in the heat;
Where the desert rolled far like a limitless scroll
Cool waters leaped up at the touch of His feet.
And the flowers that lay with pale lips to the sod
Bloom softly and fair from a holier stock;
Winged home by the winds to the mountains of God,
They bloom evermore in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock Thou wilt cover me still,
When the glow of the sunset is low in the sky,

When the forms of the reapers are dim on the hill,
And the song dies away, and the end draweth nigh;
It will be but a dream of the ladder of light,
And heaven drawing near without terror or shock,
For the angels, descending by day and by night,
Will open a door through the rift of the rock.

Annie Herbert.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.

A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As wierd and wild as you can think.

A mighty chief is at her feet;
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From far gold fields of Idaho,
Beyond the beaming hills of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her round, dark hand;
She looks him fairly in the face;
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with coldness and command,
"There's blood enough in this lorn land.
But see! a test of strength and skill,

Of courage and fierce fortitude;
To breast and wrestle with the rude
And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both. . . . Stand either side!
Take you my left, tall Idaho;
And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you low
Across the waters wild and wide.
See! leaning so this morn, I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.
See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!

"Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
The first, shall have both heart and hand."

Then one threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox tails in his hair.
But one with face of proud delight
Entwined a crest of snowy white.

She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round,
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

O then awoke the love that slept!
O then her heart beat loud and strong!
O then the proud love pent up long
Broke forth in wail upon the air;
And leaning there she sobbed and wept,
With dark face mantled in her hair.

Now side by side the rivals plied,
Yet no man wasted word or breath;
All was as still as stream of death.
Now side by side their strength was tried,
And now they breathless paused and lay
Like brawny wrestlers well at bay.

And now they dived, dived long, and now
The black heads lifted from the foam,
And shook aback the dripping brow,
Then shouldered sudden glances home.
And then with burly front the brow
And bull-like neck shot sharp and blind,
And left a track of foam behind. . . .
They near the shore at last; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That laughing lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done!
She sees the climbing crest of snow;
She knows her tall, brown Idaho.

She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
And tears are streaming from her eyes:
"O splendid, kingly Idaho,
I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
I see him clutch the bended bough!
'Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king, come back!
Come swift, O sweet; why falter so?
Come! Come! What thing has crossed your track
I kneel to all the gods I know.
O come, my manly Idaho!
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled Chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and hiding from my face,

Strikes underneath! . . . He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me. . . .
Hist softly! Let him come and see.

"O come! my white-crowned hero, come!
O come! and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.
Come back to me! my lips are dumb,
My hands are helpless with despair;
The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair,
Is reaching to the ruddy tide,
That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O heaven! save
My brave, brave boy. He rises! See!
Hold fast, my boy! Strike! strike for me.
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong!
Hold fast your strength. It is not long—
O God, he sinks! He sinks! Is gone!
His face has perished from my sight.

"And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
O here is some mad, mad, mistake!
What you! The red fox at my feet?
You first and failing from a race?
What! you have brought me berries red?
What! You have brought your bride a wreath?
You sly red fox with wrinkled face—
That blade has blood, between your teeth!

"Lie still! lie still! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore. . . .

Ha! Ha! Take that! and that! and that!
Ha! Ha! So through your coward throat
The full day shines! . . . Two fox tails float
And drift and drive adown the stream.

"But what is this? What snowy crest
Climbs out the willows of the west,
All weary, wounded, bent, and slow,
And dripping from his streaming hair?
It is! it is my Idaho!
His feet are on the land, and fair
His face is lifting to my face,
For who shall now dispute the race?

"The gray hawks pass, O love! two doves
O'er yonder lodge shall coo their loves.
My love shall heal your wounded breast,
And in yon tall lodge two shall rest."

Joaquin Miller.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare;
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near;
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wine and cakes."
The youth with guileless look replied,
"*I'll take what father takes.*"

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict deep and strong
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine,
Oh, God! he thought, were he to taste,
Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?

No; heaven forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
Bright water unto me;
My son will take what father takes,
My drink shall water be."

W. Hoyle.

THE LITTLE HERO.

From Liverpool 'cross the Atlantic,
The good ship floating o'er the deep,
The skies bright with sunshine above us,
The waters beneath us asleep ;
Not a bad-temper'd mariner 'mongst us,
A jollier crew never sail'd,
'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,
But good seaman as ever was hail'd.
One day he comes up from below deck,
A-graspin' a lad by the arm,
A poor little ragged young urchin,
As ought to bin home with his marm.
An' the mate asks the boy pretty roughly
How he dared for to be stow'd away ?
A-cheating the owners and captain,
Sailin', eatin', and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,
An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
An' looks up at the scowling first mate, boys,
An' shakes back his long shining curls.
An' says he in a voice clear and pretty,
" My stepfather brought me a-board,
And hid me away down the stairs there,
For to keep me he could not afford.
And he told me the big ship would take me
To Halifax town, oh, so far ;
An' he said, ' Now the Lord is your Father,
Who lives where the good angels are ! ' "
" It's a lie," says the mate,—" Not your father,
But some o' these big skulkers here,
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor,
Speak up ! tell the truth ! d'ye hear ? "

Then that pair o' blue eyes bright and winn'n',
Clear and shining with innocent youth,
Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows,
An' says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth!"
Then the mate pull'd his watch from his pocket,
Just as if he'd bin drawing his knife,
"If in ten minutes more you don't tell, lad,
There's the rope! and good-bye to dear life!"
Eight minutes went by all in silence,
Says the mate then, "Speak, lad, say your say!"
His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,
He falteringly says, "May I pray?"
An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,
An' his hands he clasps o'er his breast,
As he must ha' done often at home, lads,
At night time when going to rest.

And soft came the first words, "Our Father,"
Low and clear from that dear baby-lip,
But low as they were, heard like trumpet
By each true man aboard o' the ship.
Every bit o' that pray'r then he goes through,
To "for ever and ever. A-men!"
An' for all the bright gold in the Indies,
I wouldn't ha' heard him agen!
Off his feet was the lad sudden lifted,
And clasp'd to the mate's rugged breast,
An' his husky voice muttered, "God bless you,"
As his lips to his forehead he press'd.
"You believe me now?" then said the youngster,
"Believe you!" he kissed him once more,
"You'd have laid down your life for the truth, lad;
I believe you! from now, ever-more."

WANTED.

The world wants men—light-hearted, manly men—
Men who shall join its chorus and prolong
The psalm of labour and the song of love.

The times wants scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's good,
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.

The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.

And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls,
To taste its raptures, and expand like flowers
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shrivelled ones;
It wants fresh souls, my brother—give it thine!

If thou, indeed, wilt act as man should act;
If thou, indeed, wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper floors,
Thy heart at last shall seem a thousand hearts,
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

GOD, THE TRUE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished, too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!
Then, sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shews us worlds of light,
We never saw by day. *Moore.*

SANTA CLAUS IN THE MINES.

In a small cabin in a Californian mining town, away up amid the snow-clad, rock-bound peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, sat a woman, in widow's weeds, holding upon her knee a bright-eyed, sunny-faced little girl, about five years old, while a little cherub of a boy lay

upon a bear-skin before the open fireplace. It was Christmas Eve, and the woman sat gazing abstractedly into the fireplace. She was yet young, and as the glowing flames lit up her sad face they invested it with a wierd beauty.

Mary Stewart was the widow of Aleck Stewart, and but two years before they had lived comfortably and happy, in a camp on the American River. Aleck was a brawny miner; but the premature explosion of a blast in an exploring tunnel had blotted out his life in an instant, leaving his family without a protector, and in straitened circumstances. His daily wages had been their sole support, and now that he was gone, what could they do?

With her little family Mrs. Stewart had emigrated to the camp in which we find them, and there she earned a precarious livelihood by washing clothes for the miners. Hers was a hard lot; but the brave little woman toiled on, cheered by the thought that her daily labours stood between her darling little ones and the gaunt wolf of starvation.

Jack Dawson, a strong, honest miner, was passing the cabin this Christmas Eve, when the voice of the little girl within attracted his attention. Jack possessed an inordinate love for children, and although his manly spirit would abhor the sneaking practice of eavesdropping, he could not resist the temptation to steal up to the window just a moment to listen to the sweet, prattling voice. The first words he caught were:

"Before papa died we always had Christmas, didn't we, mamma?"

"Yes, Totty, darling; but papa earned money enough to afford to make his little pets happy at least once a year. You must remember, Totty, that we are very poor, and although mamma works very, very hard, she can scarcely earn enough to supply us with food and clothes."

Jack Dawson still lingered upon the outside. He could not leave, although he felt ashamed of himself for listening.

"We hung up our stockings last Christmas, didn't we, mamma?" continued the little girl.

"Yes, Totty; but we were poor then, and Santa Claus never notices real poor people. He gave you a little candy then, just because you were such good children."

"Is we any poorer now, mamma?"

"Oh! yes, much poorer. He would never notice us at all now."

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of sadness in the widow's voice as she uttered the last words, and he wiped a suspicious dampness from his eyes.

"Where's our clean stockings, mamma? I'm going to hang mine up anyhow; maybe he will come like he did before, just because we try to be good children," said Totty.

"It will be no use, my darling, I am sure he will not come," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she thought of her empty purse.

"I don't care, I'm going to try, anyhow. Please get one of my stockings, mamma."

Jack Dawson's generous heart swelled until it seemed bursting from his bosom. He heard the patter of little bare feet upon the cabin floor as Totty ran about hunting hers and Benny's stockings, and after she had hung them up, heard her sweet voice again as she wondered over and over if Santa really would forget them. He heard the mother, in a choking voice, tell her treasures to get ready for bed; heard them lisp their childish prayers, the little girl concluding: "And, O, Lord! please tell good Santa Claus that we are very poor; but that we love him as much as rich children do, for dear Jesus' sake—Amen!"

After they were in bed, through a small rent in the plain white curtain he saw the widow sitting before the fire, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

On a peg, just over the fire-place, hung two little patched and faded stockings, and then he could stand it no longer. He softly moved away from the window to the rear of the cabin, where some objects fluttering in the wind met his eye. Among these he searched until he found a little blue stocking which he removed from the line, folded tenderly, and placed in his overcoat pocket, and then set out for the main street of the camp. He entered Harry Hawk's gambling hall, the largest in the place, where a host of miners and gamblers were at play. Jack was well known in the camp, and when he got up on a chair and called for attention, the hum of voices and clicking of ivory checks suddenly ceased. Then in an earnest voice he told what he had seen and heard, repeating every word of the conversation between the mother and her children. In conclusion he said:

"Boys, I think I know you, every one of you, an' I know jist what kind o' metal yer made of. I've an idee that Santy Claus knows jist whar thet cabin's sitiwated, an' I've an idee he'll find it afore mornin'. Hyar's one of the little gal's stock'n's thet I hooked off'n the line. The daddy o' them little ones was a good, hard-working miner, an' he crossed the range in the line o' duty, jist as any one of us is liable to do in our dangerous business. Hyar goes a twenty-dollar piece right down in the toe, and hyar I lay the stockin' on this card table—now chip in much or little, as ye kin afford."

Brocky Clark, a gambler, left the table, picked the little stocking up carefully, looked at it tenderly, and when he laid it down another twenty had gone into the toe to keep company with the one placed there by Dawson.

Another and another came up until the foot of the stocking was well filled, and then came the cry from the gambling table:

"Pass her around, Jack."

At the word he lifted it from the table and started around the hall. Before he had circulated it at half a dozen

tables it showed signs of bursting beneath the weight of gold and silver coin, and a strong coin bag, such as is used for sending treasure by express, was procured, and the stocking placed inside of it. The round of the large hall was made, and in the meantime the story had spread all over the camp. From the various saloons came messages saying:

"Send the stockin' 'round the camp; boys are a-waitin' for it!"

With a party at his heels, Jack went from saloon to saloon. Games ceased and tipplers left the bars as they entered each place, and miners, gamblers, speculators, everybody, crowded up to tender their Christmas gift to the miner's widow and orphans. Any one who has lived in the far Western camps and is acquainted with the generosity of Western men, will feel no surprise or doubt my truthfulness, when I say that after the round had been made, the little blue stocking and the heavy canvas bag contained over eight thousand dollars in gold and silver coin.

Horses were procured, and a party despatched to the larger town down on the Consumnes, from which they returned near daybreak with toys, clothing, provisions, etc., in almost endless variety. Arranging their gifts in proper shape, and securely tying the mouth of the bag of coin, the party noiselessly repaired to the widow's humble cabin. The bag was first laid on the steps, and other articles piled up in a heap over it. On the top was laid the lid of a large pasteboard box, on which was written with a piece of charcoal:

"Santy Clause doesn't allways Giv poor Folks The Cold Shoulder in This camp."

Christmas day dawned bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Stewart arose, and a shade of pain crossed her handsome face as the empty little stockings caught her maternal eye. She cast a hurried glance toward the bed where her darlings lay sleeping, and whispered:

"O God! how dreadful is poverty!"

She built a glowing fire, set about preparing the frugal breakfast, and when it was almost ready she approached the bed, kissed the little ones until they were wide awake, and lifted them to the floor. With eager haste Totty ran to the stockings, only to turn away sobbing as though her heart would break. Tears blinded the mother, and clasping her little girl to her heart, she said in a choking voice:

"Never mind, my darling; next Christmas I am sure mamma will be richer, and then Santa Claus will bring us lots of nice things."

"O mamma!"

The exclamation came from little Benny, who had opened the door and was standing gazing in amazement upon the wealth of gifts there displayed.

Mrs. Stewart sprang to his side and looked in speechless astonishment. She read the card, and then, causing her little ones to kneel down with her in the open doorway, she poured out her soul in a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Jack Dawson's burly form moved from behind a tree a short distance away, and sneaked off up the gulch, great crystal tears chasing each other down his face.

The family arose from their knees, and began to move the stores into the room. There were several sacks of flour, hams, canned fruit, pounds and pounds of coffee, tea and sugar, new dress goods, and a handsome, warm woollen shawl for the widow, shoes, stockings, hats, mittens, and clothing for the children, a great big wax doll that could cry and move its eyes for Totty, and a beautiful red sled for Benny. All were carried inside amidst alternate laughs and tears.

"Bring in the sack of salt, Totty, and that is all," said the mother. "Is not God good to us?"

"I can't lift it, mamma, it's frozen to the step!"

The mother stooped and took hold of it, and lifted harder and harder, until she raised it from the step. Her cheek

blanched as she noted its great weight, and breathlessly she carried it in and laid it upon the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she loosened the string and emptied the contents upon the table. Gold and silver—more than she had ever thought of in her wildest dreams of comfort, and almost buried in the pile of treasure lay Totty's little blue stocking.

We will not intrude longer upon such happiness; but leave the joyful family sounding praises to Heaven and Santa Claus. *Anon.*

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:

Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
While longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumours
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;

And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered—
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village
  Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
  Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,
  Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemens' stronghold,
  Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
  (Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
  Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
  Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
  Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
  The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
  Reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her
  (Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
  The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
  And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
  And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste, and breathless,
  With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
  Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong, white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror—
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.

How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
That noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises.
To do her honour still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour:

"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

Adelaide A. Procter.

A TARRYTOWN ROMANCE.

'Twas in ye pleasant olden time,
Oh! many years ago,
When husking bees and singing-schools
Were all the fun, you know.

The singing-school in Tarrytown,
A quaint old town in Maine—
Was wisely taught and grandly led
By a young man named Paine.

A gallant gentleman was Paine,
Who liked the lasses well;
But best he liked Miss Patience White,
As all his school could tell.

One night the singing-school had met;
Young Paine, all carelessly,
Had turned the leaves and said: "We'll sing
On page one-seventy."

"'See gentle patience smile on pain.'"
On Paine they all then smiled,
But not so gently as they might;
And he, confused and wild,

Searched quickly for another place,
As quickly gave it out;
The merriment, suppressed before,
Rose now into a shout.

These were the words that met his eyes
(He sank down with a groan);
"Oh! give me grief for others' woes,
And patience for my own!"

Good Cheer.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

Tell you about it? Of course, I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,
For Mamma said I must be quiet and still,
And she put away my whistle and drum—

And made me unharness the parlour chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off up stairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the Bishop is coming to town,
The house must be in order you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide-and-seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the Bishop was coming—to stay a week—

And she must make cookies and cakes and pies,
And fill every closet and platter and pan,
Till I thought this Bishop so great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well, at last he came; and I do declare,
Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice and his silvery hair,
And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read, or talked, or prayed,
I understood every single word;
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
Though I never once spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a suden, he laughed right out
To see me sit quietly listening so;
And began to tell us stories about
Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

All about Egypt and Spain—and then
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it no great matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And Mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the bannister-rails, in the hall, sometimes.

And Bridget, she made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the Bishop—he didn't care for cake,
And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honoured in words and act—
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—
He couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!
But whispered to me to tell him how.

Emily Huntington Miller.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.

Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;—
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbour
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone;—
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben the sunburnt fisher, gaily woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos;
Hannah shudders,
For the wild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,

Whispering hoarsely: "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleak and drear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;—
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken,
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing,
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;

There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas!
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

Frances Ridley Havergal.

A MODEST WIT.

A supercilious nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotton which—
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honour, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckon'd good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

"NAY, I'LL STAY WITH THE LAD."

Six hundred souls one summer's day,
Worked in the deep, dark Hutton seams;
Men were hewing the coal away,
Boys were guiding the loaded teams.

Horror of darkness was everywhere;
It was coal above, and coal below,
Only the miner's guarded lamp
Made in the gloom a passing glow.

Down in the deep, black Hutton seams
There came a flowery, balmy breath;
Men dropped their tools, and left their teams,
They knew the balmy air meant death,
And fled before the earthquake shock,
The cruel fire-damp's fatal course,
That tore apart the roof and walls,
And buried by fifties, man and horse.

"The shaft! the shaft!" they wildly cried;
And as they ran they passed a cave,
Where stood a father by his son—
The child had found a living grave,
And lay among the shattered coal,
His little life had almost sped.
"Fly! fly! For there may yet be time!"
The father calmly, firmly said:
"Nay; I'll stay with the lad."

He had no hurt; he yet might reach
The blessed sun and light again.
But at his feet his child lay bound,
And every hope of help was vain.
He let deliverance pass him by;
He stooped and kissed the little face;
"I will not leave thee by thyself,
Ah! lad; this is thy father's place."

So Self before sweet Love lay slain.
In the deep mine again was told
The story of a father's love.
Older than mortal man is old;

For though they urged him o'er and o'er,
To every prayer he only had
The answer he had found at first,
"Nay; I'll stay with the lad."

And when some weary days had passed,
And men durst venture near the place,
They lay where Death had found them both,
But hand in hand, and face to face.
And men were better for that sight,
And told the tale with tearful breath;
There was not one but inly felt,
The man had died a noble death,
And left this thought for all to keep—
If earthly fathers can so love,
Ah, surely, we may safely lean
Upon the Fatherhood above!

Lillie E. Barr.

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."

"Happy are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world?"

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh; "oh, what a hand ye be after joking; why I haven't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead!"

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos; "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose."

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink,

drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is, the creature."

You have to pay your little sister's board."

"Sure, the bit creature, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney."

"Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes, to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood you gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney."

"Oh, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing, and then if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it." *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE POLISH BOY.

Whence came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
That like an arrow cleave the air,
Causing the blood to creep and thrill
With such sharp cadence of despair?

Once more they come! as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe!

Whence came they? From yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress—
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and broken moan
She sinks beside the altar stone;
But hark! the heavy tramp of feet,
Is heard along the gloomy street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
Their beauties by the path they tread
Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
Rend brutally their blooming bands.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep.

The gate is burst. A ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom snatched the child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,—
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy—I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
No traitor he—but listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny.
I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land,
Or fighting, die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast,
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is, or Poland free.
He went and grappled with the foe,
Laid many a haughty Russian low;
But he is dead—the good—the brave—
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side;
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one;
Can land or gold redeem my son?

If so, I bend my Polish knee,
And, Russia, ask a boon of thee.
Take palaces, take lands, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall.
Take these," and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like star-light there;
Unclasped the brilliant coronal
And carcanet of orient pearl;
Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Upspringing from the marble floor;
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no—the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mother's agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers, his flashing eye,
So blue and fiercely bright,
Seems lighted from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band.

"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.

The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.

I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes, wept—I was a child; but now
My noble mother on her knee,
Has done the work of years for me.
Although in this small tenement
My soul is cramped—unbowed, unbent,
I've still within me ample power
To free myself this very hour.
This dagger in my heart! and then,
Where is your boasted power, base men?"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of a poinard bright,
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive,
Could drink the life blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame,
Would blush to rubies in their shame.
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!
No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang—
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery:

Up! mother, up! look on my face,
I only wait for thy embrace.
One last, last word—a blessing, one,
To prove thou knowest what I have done,
No look! No word! Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak—lift up thy head.
What, silent still? Then thou art dead!
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee, and thus to die."
Slowly he falls. The clustering hair
Rolls back and leaves that forehead bare.
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom, dead.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR.

Sweetheart, good-bye! the flutt'ring sail
  Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the favouring gale
  My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
  These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm—
  Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace;
  O, cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
  Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever;
And still shall recollection trace
  In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear—that form, that face—
  Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Ruthven Jenkyns.

THE AGUE.

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreaming, dreary,
In the parlour thinking o'er
  Things that passed in days of yore,
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came something creeping,
  Creeping upward from the floor.
"'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
  "From the regions 'neath the floor:
  Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember—
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
  Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and months been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking,
Foggy rain, that without joking,
  We had ever seen before.
So I knew it must be very
  Cold and damp beneath the floor,
  Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
With a feeling quite delighted
  With the breezes 'neath the floor,
Till I felt me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself now feeling older,
  Older than I felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
  Than they were in days of yore,
  Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back, the creeping
Soon gave place to rustling, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
  Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the varmints!—
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
  Through my boots into the floor:
Then I found myself a shaking,
  Gently shaking more and more,
  Every moment more and more.

'Twas the ague; and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen, every
  Place where there was warmth in store,
Shaking till the china rattled,
Shaking till the morals battled;
Shaking, and with all my warming,
  Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
  All its powers to shake me more.
  Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it came with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
  Shaking, shaking as before,
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
  Shaking, shaking, oh! so sore,
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
  Me to bed if nothing more,
  Fully this if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting

Moodily within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the ague, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunlight on me streaming,
Casts no shadow on the floor,
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor,
Never a shadow any more.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hairs were gray;
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port, forever from the storm.

The prech'en? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
'Twas full of consolation, for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place;
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;
Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend shall meet with friend,
"When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue;

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon
be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the
shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

John H. Yates.

THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar.
It's brewing up, down westward; and look there!
One of those sea-gulls! ay, there goes a pair;
And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on
As threats, the water will be out anon.
That path by the ford is a nasty bit of way,
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children join in this request; but the mother resolves that they shall set out—the two girls, Lizzie and Jenny, the one five, the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so—

One last fond kiss—
"God bless my little maids," the father said,
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

Prepared for their journey they depart, with the mother's admonition to the elder—

"Now mind and bring
Jenny safe home," the mother said. "Don't stay
To pull a bough or berry by the way;
And when you come to cross the ford hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you're quite past;

That plank is so crazy, and so slippery
If not overflowed the stepping stones will be;
But you're good children—steady as old folk,
I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzie's cloak
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied,
And amply little Jenny's lack supplied
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
"To wrap it round, and knot it carefully,
(Like this) when you come home—just leaving free
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away—
Good will to school, and then good right to play."

The mother watches them with foreboding, though she knows not why. In a little while the threatened storm sets in. Night comes, and with it comes the father from his daily toil.—There's a treasure hidden in his hat—

A plaything for the young ones he has found—
A dormouse nest; the living ball coil'd round
For its long winter sleep; all his thought
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
And graver Lizzie's quieter surprise,
When he should yield, by guess, and kiss, and prayer,
Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

No little faces greet him as wont at the threshold; and to his hurried question—

"Are they come?"—t'was, "No,"
To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
The old crack'd lantern from its dusky nook
And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word
That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,—
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbour goes with him, and the faithful dog follows the children's tracks.

"Hold the light
Low down, he's making for the water. Hark!
I know that whine; the old dog's found them, Mark;"
So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot bridge. It was gone!
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black void, and dark swollen stream below;
"Yet there's life somewhere—more than Tinker's whine—
That's sure," said Mark, "So, let the lantern shine
Down yonder. There's the dog and—hark!"
"O dear!"
And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something—a dark huddled heap—
Half in the water, where 'twas scarce knee deep
For a tall man: and half above it propped
By some old ragged side piles that had stop't
Endways the broken plank when it gave way
With the two little ones, that luckless day!
"My babes! my lambkins!" was the father's cry,
One little voice made answer, "Here am I;"
'Twas Lizzie's. There she crouched with face as white,
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern light,
Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips drawn tight,
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Washed by the turbid waters, fix'd like stone—
One arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown,
Grasping, as in the death-grip, Jenny's frock.
There she lay, drown'd.
They lifted her from out her watery bed—
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied
Leaving that free about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction—"fast and warm,"

Too well obeyed—too fast! A fatal hold,
Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold
That caught and pinned her to the river's bed.
While through the reckless water overhead,
Her life breath bubbled up.
"She might have lived,
Struggling like Lizzie," was the thought that rived
The wretched mother's heart when she heard all,
"But for my foolishness about that shawl."
"Who says I forgot?
Mother! indeed, indeed I kept fast hold,
And tied the shawl quite close—she
Can't be cold—
But she won't move—we slept—I don't know how—
But I held on, and I'm so weary now—
And its so dark and cold! Oh, dear! oh, dear!
And she won't move—if father were but here!"
All night long from side to side she turn'd,
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove.
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move,"
And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
Shone on that pillow—passing strange the sight,
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!

Mrs. Southey.

SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

It is summer. A party of visitors are just crossing the iron bridge that extends from the American shore to Goat's Island, about a quarter of a mile above the Falls. Just as they are about to leave, while watching the stream as it plunges and dashes among the rocks below, the eye of one fastens on something clinging to a rock, caught on the very verge of the Falls. Scarcely willing to believe his own vision, he directs the attention of his companions. The terrible news spreads like lightning,

and in a few minutes the bridge and the surrounding shore are covered with thousands of spectators. "Who is he?" "How did he get there?" are questions every person proposed, but answered by none. No voice is heard above the awful flood, but a spy-glass shows frequent efforts to speak to the gathering multitude. Such silent appeals exceed the eloquence of words; they are irresistible, and something must be done. A small boat is soon upon the bridge, and with a rope attached sets out upon its fearless voyage, but is instantly sunk. Another and another are tried, but they are all swallowed up by the angry waters. A large one might possibly survive; but none is at hand. Away to Buffalo a car is despatched, and never did the iron horse thunder along its steel-bound track on such a godlike mission. Soon the most competent life-boat is upon the spot. All eyes are fixed upon the object, as trembling and tossing amid the boiling white waves it survives the roughest waters. One breaker past and it will have reached the object of its mission. But being partly filled with water and striking a sunken rock, that next wave sends it hurling to the bottom. An involuntary groan passes through the dense multitude, and hope scarcely nestles in a single bosom. The sun goes down in gloom, and as darkness comes on and the crowd begins to scatter, methinks the angels looking over the battlements on high drop a tear of pity on the scene. The silvery stars shine dimly through their curtain of blue. The multitude are gone, and the sufferer is left with his God. Long before morning he must be swept over that dreadful abyss; he clings to that rock with all the tenacity of despair, and as he surveys the horrors of his position strange visions in the air come looming up before him. He sees his home, his wife and children there; he sees the home of his childhood; he sees that mother as she used to soothe his childish fears upon her breast; he sees a watery grave, and then the vision closes in tears. In imagination he hears the hideous yells of demons, and mingled prayers and curses die upon his lips.

No sooner does morning dawn than the multitude again rush to the scene of horror, Soon a shout is heard: he is there; he is still alive. Just now a carriage arrives upon the bridge, and a woman leaps from it and rushes to the most favourable point of observation. She had driven from Chippewa, three miles above the Falls; her husband had crossed the river night before last, and had not returned, and she fears he may be clinging to that rock. All eyes are turned for a moment toward the anxious woman, and no sooner is a glass handed to her fixed upon the object than she shrieks, "Oh, my husband!" and sinks senseless to the earth. The excitement, before intense, seems now almost unendurable, and something must again be tried. A small raft is constructed, and, to the surprise of all, swings up beside the rock to which the sufferer had clung for the last forty-eight hours. He instantly throws himself full length upon it. Thousands are pulling at the end of the rope, and with skillful management a few rods are gained toward the nearest shore. What tongue can tell, what pencil can paint, the anxiety with which that little bark is watched as, trembling and tossing amid the roughest waters, it nears that rock-bound coast? Save Niagara's eternal roar, all is silent as the grave. His wife sees it and is only restrained by force from rushing into the river. Hope instantly springs into every bosom, but it is only to sink into deeper gloom. The angel of death has spread his wings over that little bark; the poor man's strength is almost gone; each wave lessens his grasp more and more, but all will be safe if that nearest wave is past. But that next surging billow breaks his hold upon the pitching timbers, the next moment hurling him to the awful verge, where, with body erect, hands clenched, and eyes that are taking their last look of earth, he shrieks, above Niagara's eternal roar, "Lost!" and sinks forever from the gaze of man.

Charles Tarson.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart.
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with
sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light
below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling
lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that
she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with
heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him,
and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised
and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale
and worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with
misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Here were not mingled, in the city's pomp,
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal trump,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom;
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall;
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought, entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife;
But yet, O Nature! is there naught to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?—
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in sweetest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blessed his noonday walk;—she was his only child.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek:—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire;
And many a halcyon day he lived to see,
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone;—and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee.

A loved bequest;—and I may half impart
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined;
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind:)
All uncompanioned else her heart had gone,
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone. *Campbell.*

AN AUTUMN DAY.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground,—
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care;
Away! from desk and dust, away!
I'll be as idle as the air.
Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.
Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of the heart,—
One day amid the woods with thee,
From men and all their cares apart;—
And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.
Come,—and when 'mid the calm profound,
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.
Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade;
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.
The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.
One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
Where the hushed winds their Sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.—
Well might the gazer deem, that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the sons of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life,—

Like the deep quiet, that awhile
  Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
  Welcomes them to a happier shore!

Bryant.

SONNET.

Our love is not a fading earthly flower:
Its wingèd seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise.
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green:
Our summer hearts make summer's fullness where
No leaf or bud or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love,—whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's palace-gate.

James Russell Lowell.

BABY'S VISITOR.

My baby boy sat on the floor;
  His big blue eyes were full of wonder
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
  What kept the two, so near, asunder?
He leaned toward the golden head
  The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side; then softly said,
  "I can't get out; can you come in?"

Atlanta Constitution.

A PRAYER.

God! do not let my loved one die,
  But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
  Enough to enter Thy pure clime
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below!

Oh, let her stay! She is by birth
  What I through death must learn to be,
We need her more on our poor earth
  Than Thou canst need in heaven with Thee;
She hath her wings already: I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me! we shall be near,
  More near than ever, each to each:
Her angel ears will find more clear
  My earthly than my heavenly speech;
And still, as I draw nigh to Thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

James Russell Lowell.

THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

This world is all a fleeting show,
  For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
  There's nothing *true* but Heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,
  As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
  There's nothing *bright* but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing *calm* but Heaven.

Moore.

HOME SONG.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, and they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

H. W. Longfellow.

SAVED.

Crouching in the twilight gray,
Like a hunted thing at bay,
In his brain one thought is rife:
Why not end the bootless strife?

Who in God's wide world would weep,
Should he brave death's dreamless sleep ?
Hark ! a child's voice, soft and clear,
Pulsing through the gloaming drear ;

And the word the singer brings
Like a new evangel rings:
" Jesus loves me ! this I know,"
Swift his thoughts to childhood go.

Memories of a mother's face
Bending to her boy's embrace,
And the boy at eventide
Kneeling by the mother's side,

Like " sweet visions of the night "
Fill the lonesome place with light,
While the singer's tender trill—
" Jesus loves me ! loves me still "—

Hovers in the dreamlit air
Like an answer to the prayer.
Offered in those happy days
When he walked in sinless ways.

" Jesus loves me ! " Can it be
His, this *benedicite?*
Is there One who knows and cares ?
One who all his sorrow shares ?

" Jesus loves me ! " While the song
Guileless lips with joy prolong,
Lo ! a soul has ceased its strife,
Reconciled to God and life.

Mary B. Sleight.

SONG OF BIRDS.

Did you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
  Did you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
  Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
  Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught;
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

Think, every morning, when the sun peeps through
  The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
  Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And, when you think of this, remember, too,
  'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore!

Longfellow.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "old sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I enquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to

find a man, who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure, he was very kind indade, and when I got out of his wagon, he pointed me through the wood and told me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you have no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator at iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, an thank yez for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered my bundle bravely, an' whistling a bit of tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush and trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden, I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head an' kicking up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growing dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time and no mistake. I got on bravely for awhile, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister; and after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, and that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad!" sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems its more in sorrow than in anger they're doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' and sure they can't be Injin, haythen, or naygur, for its plain English they're afther spakin?'

Maybe they might help me out o' this, so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisintly an answer came.

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar bush for the childher's breakfast in the mornin.' But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his enquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvanience your honour, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd!" sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to your deaf ould head, Paddy McFiggin, I say—do you hear that? And he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' naygur, and if yez don't come down and show me the way this min't I'll climb up there and break ivery

bone in your own skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impident as iver.

I said niver a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly round till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I let him have a taste of an Irish stick," an' wid that I let drive an' lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breaking me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half me Sunday coat-tail tore off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could get niver an answer at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for I don't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I went on cautiously for awhile, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So leavin' the ould cow puffin and blowin' in a shed, I wint to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's?

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what," sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do you tell me now!" sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us in need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness, — but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind: the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five! I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years. It seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still; they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed 't was not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost;
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest!
Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she 'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah ? once *I* felt temptation nigh !
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side !
I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear than pride ;
Till, " in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign ;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life :
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours ;
The woods were coming to leaf, the meadows full of flowers ;
The neighbours met us in the lane, and every face was kind,—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread ;
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they're gone, all three !

It is not right to wish for death, the Lord disposes best.
His spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a "spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin."

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned;
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

Bayard Taylor.

CUDDLE DOON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mickle faucht an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rougues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly head—
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin' an' fetch them pieces, drinks;
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out frae' neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He's kittlin wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks
As he pits off his shoon,
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddle doon."

An' just afore we bed oursel's,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Alexander Anderson.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load:
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord! that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

Only last year, at Christmas time, while pacing down the city street,
I saw a tiny, ill clad boy—one of the many that we meet—
As ragged as a boy could be, with half a cap, with one good shoe,
Just patches to keep out the wind—I know the wind blew keenly too:

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square Scotch face, an honest brow,
And eyes that liked to smile so well, they had not yet forgotten how:
A newsboy, hawking his last sheets with loud persistence; now and then
Stopping to beat his stiffened hands, and trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd, shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er;
Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind within some alley, by some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left, tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—
To eye a fruiterer's outspread store; here, products from some country farm;

And there, confections, all adorned with wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers,
While little founts, like frosted spires, tossed up and down their mimic showers.
He stood and gazed with wistful face, all a child's longing in his eyes;
Then started as I touched his arm, and turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cape with purple hands, said, "Papers, sir? *The Evening News!*"
He brushed away a freezing tear, and shivered, "Oh, sir don't refuse!"
"How many have you? Never mind—don't stop to count—I'll take them all;
And when you pass my office here, with stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile, a look half wondering and half glad.
I fumbled for the proper "change," and said, "You seem a little lad
To rough it in the streets like this." "I'm ten years old on Christmas-day!"
"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a crown, you'll get change there across the way.

"Five shillings. When you get it changed come to my office—that's the place.
Now wait a bit, there's time enough: you need not run a headlong race.

Where do you live?" "'Most anywhere. We hired a stable-loft to day.
Me and two others." "And you thought, the fruiterer's window pretty, hey?"

"Or were you hungry?" "Just a bit," he answered bravely as he might.
"I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir, and had no money left last night."
"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit; I don't mind cold." "Why, that is strange!"
He smiled and pulled his ragged cap, and darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half unconcious sigh, I sought my office desk again;
An hour or more my busy wits found work enough with book and pen.
But when the mantel clock struck six I started with a sudden thought,
For there beside my hat and cloak lay those six papers I had bought.

Why where's the boy? and where's the 'change' he should have brought an hour ago?
Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike! I was a fool to tempt him so,
Dishonest! Well, I might have known; and yet his face seemed candid too.
He would have earned the difference if he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late." And so I took my homeward way.
Deeming distrust of human kind the only lesson of the day.

Just two days later, as I sat, half dozing, in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called in my brusque fashion,
"Who is there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—the same Scotch face,
the same blue eyes—
And stood, half doubtful, at the door, abashed at my forbidding guise.
"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—the one you give
the crown, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, sir, because his back was
hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change.' He got runned
over, up the street;
One wheel went right across his back, and t'other fore-
wheel mashed his feet.
They stopped the horses just in time, and then they took
him up for dead,
And all that day and yesterday he wasn't rightly in his
head.

"They took him to the hospital—one of the newsboys
knew 'twas Jim—
And I went, too, because, you see, we two are brothers, I
and him.
He had that money in his hand, and never saw it any
more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal! He never stole a pin be-
fore.

"He was afraid that you might think, he meant to keep
it, anyway;
This morning when they brought him to, he cried because
he couldn't pay.

He made me fetch his jacket here; it's torn and dirtied
pretty bad;
It's only fit to sell for rags, but then, you know, it's all
he had.

"When he gets well—it won't be long—if you will call
the money lent.
He says he'll work his fingers off but what he'll pay you
every cent."
And then he cast a rueful glance at the soiled jacket
where it lay,
"No, no, my boy! take back the coat. Your brother's
badly hurt you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out and hail a
cab, then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats, and pounds, for such
a boy as he!"
A half-hour after this we stood together in the crowded
wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps that fell too loudly
on the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep, and scarce believed
her when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek,
"The boy is dead."
Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked! One streak
of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well it is warm in Heaven: no need of
"change" and jackets there.

And something rising in my throat made it so hard for
me to speak,
I turned away, and left a tear lying upon his sunburned
cheek.

Anon.

SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
  Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
  Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
  Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
  With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
  By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
  With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
  To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore;
  In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
  Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
  Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know,—
A fable, a phanton, a show,
  Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
  But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
  All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing,
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
  His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
  The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
  To quiet its fever and pain.

Longfellow.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke.—Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty.—Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores;
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them: but oh! it came
Upon her heart like discord; and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
The morning passed; and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms, in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest!—But Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness; and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky;—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst; and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot; and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.—
She sat a little longer; and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and watching him, she mourned:—

"God stay thee, in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,

And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

"I did not dream of this, when thou wast straying
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wiling the soft hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh no! and when I watched by thee, the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my fathers' land might be
A heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white delicate limbs the earth will press;
And oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.—
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!"

* * * * *

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

N. P. Willis.

THE MODEL WIFE.

His house she enters there to be a light,
Shining within when all around is night,

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing:
Winning him back when mingling with the throng
Of this vain world we love, alas, too long,
To fireside's happiness and hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please;
How oft her eyes read his! Her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow.

Ruskin.

"GOODBYE."

Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me—
The swallows are making them ready to fly.
Goodbye, Summer! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

Hush! A voice from the far away!—
"Listen and learn," it seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."
The cord is frayed and the cruse is dry.
The ink must break and the lamp must die.
Goodbye, Hope! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

What are we waiting for? Oh! my heart,
Kiss me straight on the brows and part!
Again! again! My heart! my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I?
A pleading look—a stifled cry—
Goodbye forever! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

Whyte Melville.

MAKIN' AN EDITOR OUTEN O' HIM.

"Good morning, sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day?
I'm glad you're to home, for you fellers is al'ays a runnin' away.
But layin' aside pleasure for business, I've brought you my little boy, Jim;
And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen o' him.

"He aint no great shakes for to labour, though I've laboured with him a good deal,
And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel;
But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin' about him is big,
Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.
I keep him a carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,
And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin, the bugs;
And then there is things to be doin' a helpin' the women indoors;
There's churnin' and washin' o' dishes, and other descriptions of chores;
But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid.
So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.
His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,
But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him!

"It aint much to get up a paper, it wouldn't take him long for to learn;
He could feed the machine, I am thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn.
And things that was once hard in doin', is easy enough now to do;
Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.
I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up, and how;
But 'tis most of it made by machinery, I can see it all plain enough now.
And poetry, too, is constructed by machines of different designs,
Each one with a gauge and a chopper, to see to the length of the lines;
An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim,
If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen o' Jim!"

The Editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made a reply:
"Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?
Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow-beat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once?

Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable touch ?
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how not to know too much ?
Does he know how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride ?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros hide ?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage, and vim ?
If so, we, perhaps, can be 'makin' an editor outen o' him.'"

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his visage o'erspread,
And he said: "Jim, I guess we'll be goin', he's probably out of his head."

Will M. Carleton.

THE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile,

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace;
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glared he when at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!
Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! Ho, gallants! draw your blades!
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west the warning radiance spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head:
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light:
Then bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke;

At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags dashed down each roaring street :

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went ;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent :
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
Till like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain ;

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent:
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay.

TRIAL SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DUKE. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
POR. I did, my lord.
DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
POR. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
POR. Is your name Shylock?
SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.
POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To* ANT.
ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.
POR. Do you confess the bond?
ANT. I do.
POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong:
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
POR. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
POR. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHY. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
SHY. Ay, his breast.
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
POR. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh? SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?
POR. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
POR. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
ANT. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give you your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
GRATIANO. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee pursue sentence.
POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
SHY. Most rightful judge.
POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.
POR. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyself shall see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
GRA. O learned judge!—mark, Jew; a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
BASS. Here is the money. POR. Soft.
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than just a pound,—be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
GRA. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?
POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
SHY. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
GRA. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—That for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Shakespeare.

THE FAITHFUL HOUSEWIFE.

I see her in her home content,
The faithful housewife, day by day,
Her duties seem like pleasures sent,
And joy attends her on her way.

She cares not for the loud acclaim
That goes with rank and social strife.
Her wayside home is more than fame;
She is its queen—the faithful wife.

When summer days are soft and fair,
And bird-songs fill the cottage trees,
She reaps a benison as rare,
As her own gentle ministries.

Peace shrines itself upon her face,
And happiness in every look;
Her voice is full of charm and grace,
Like music of the summer brook.

In winter when the days are cold,
And all the landscape dead and bare,
How well she keeps her little fold,
How shines the fire beside her chair!

The children go with pride to school,
The father's toil half turns to play;
So faithful is her frugal rule,
So tenderly she moulds the day.

Let higher stations vaunt their claim,
Let others sing of rank and birth;
The faithful housewife's honest fame
Is linked to the best joy on earth.

SCENE FROM RICHELIEU.

Enter JULIE DE MORTEMAR

RICHELIEU. That's my sweet Julie! why, upon this face
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the morning
Were come to visit Tithon.
JULIE (*placing herself at his feet*). Are you gracious?
May I say "Father?"
RICH. Now and ever!
JULIE. Father!
A sweet word to an orphan.
RICH. No; not orphan
While Richelieu lives; thy father loved me well;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now I'm great,
In other phrase, I'm friendless)—he died young
In years, not service, and bequeathed thee to me;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amid the mightiest. Drooping?—sighs?—
Art thou not happy at the court?
JULIE. Not often.
RICH. (*aside*). Can she love Baradas? Ah! at thy heart
There's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,
All in a breath! Thou art admired—art young;
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty—
Ask thee to sing to him?—and swear such sounds
Had smoothed the brow of Saul?
JULIE. He's very tiresome,
Our worthy King.
RICH. Fie! Kings are never tiresome
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants
Charm ladies most?—De Sourdioc' Longueville, or
The favorite Baradas?
JULIE. A smileless man—
I fear and shun him.

RICH. Yet he courts thee!
JULIE. Then
He is more tiresome than his Majesty.
RICH. Right, girl, shun Baradas. Yet of these flowers
Of France, not one, in whose more honeyed breath
Thy heart hears Summer whisper?

Enter HUGUET.

HUGUET. The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.
JULIE. (*starting up*). De Mauprat!
RICH. Hem!
He has been tiresome too!—Anon. [*Exit* HUGUET.
JULIE. What doth he?
I mean—I——Does your Eminence—that is—
Know you Messire de Mauprat?
RICH. Well!—and you—
Has he addressed you often?
JULIE. Often? No—
Nine times: nay, ten;—the last time by the lattice
Of the great staircase. (*In a melancholy tone.*) The Court sees him rarely.
RICH. A bold and forward royster!
JULIE. *He?* nay, modest,
Gentle and sad, methinks,
RICH. Wears gold and azure?
JULIE. No; sable.
RICH. So you note his colours, Julie?
Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass,
I have business with this modest gentleman.
JULIE. You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.
RICH. No cause—you hate my foes?
JULIE. I do!
RICH. Hate Mauprat?
JULIE. Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

RICH. Adrien!
Familiar!—Go, child; no,—not *that* way;—wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you,—go.
JULIE. His brows are knit; I dare not call him father!
But I *must* speak. Your Eminence—
RICH. (*sternly*). Well, girl!
JULIE. Nay,
Smile on me—one smile more; there, now I'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes; he is not,
I know he *is* not; he loves France too well.
RICH. Not rank De Mauprat with my foes?
So be it.
I'll blot him from that list.
JULIE. That's my own father. [*Exit* JULIE.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

"DIOS TE GUARDE."

FROM THE SPANISH.

God keep thee safe, my dear,
From every harm,
Close in the shelter of
His mighty arm!
So, when thou must look out
Over earth's noise and rout
May thy calm soul be free
From all alarm.

Or if He shall ordain,
He, the Most Wise,
That woe shall come, that tears
Shall dim thine eyes,

May He still hold thee near,
Dispelling doubt and fear,
Giving thy prostrate heart
Strength to arise.

And when His night comes, love,
And thou must go,
May He still call to thee,
Tenderly, low,
Cradled upon His breast
Sinking to sweetest rest,
God have thee safe, my dear,
And keep thee so.

TO HER HUSBAND;

Written in the prospect of death, 1640.

How soon, my dear, death may my steps attend,
How soon't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,
We both are ignorant. Yet love bids me
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
That, when that knot's untied that made us one,
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
And, if I see not half my days that's due,
What Nature would God grant to yours and you.
The many faults that well you know I have
Let be interred in my oblivious grave;
If any worth or virtue is in me;
Let that live freshly in my memory.
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms;
And, when thy loss shall be repaid with gains,
Look to my little babes, my dear remains,
And, if thou lov'st thyself or lovest me,
These oh, protect from stepdame's injury!

And, if chance to thine eyes doth bring this verse,
With some sad sighs honour my absent hearse;
And kiss this paper, for thy love's dear sake,
Who with salt tears this last farewell doth take.

Anne Bradstreet.

PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To 'catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream: yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing:)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
  Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold
  Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
    Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
    In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
      "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
  Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
  Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
  And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
  Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face:—yet one couldn't but love her;
    For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
    Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
    And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
      "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
  Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
  Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept;

And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,
(Let me never forget, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay)—
"PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

Pierpont.

FROM THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

How far wilt thou, O Catiline, abuse our patience? How long shall thy madness outbrave our justice? To what extremities art thou resolved to push thy unbridled insolence of guilt! Canst thou behold the nocturnal arms that watch the palatium, the guards of the city, the consternation of the citizens; all the wise and worthy clustering into consultation; this impregnable situation of the seat of the senate, and the reproachful looks of the fathers of Rome? Canst thou, I say, behold all this, and yet remain undaunted and unabashed? Art thou sensible that thy measures are detected?

Art thou sensible that this senate, now thoroughly informed, comprehend the full extent of thy guilt? Point me out the senator ignorant of thy practices, during the last and the preceeding night: of the place where you met, the company you summoned, and the crime you concerted. The senate is conscious, the consul is witness to this: yet mean and degenerate—the traitor lives! Lives! did I say? He mixes with the senate; he shares in our counsels; with a steady eye he surveys us; he anticipates his guilt; he enjoys his murderous thoughts, and coolly marks us out for bloodshed. Yet we, boldly passive in our country's cause, think we act like Romans if we can escape his frantic rage.

Long since, O Catiline! ought the consul to have doomed thy life a forfeit to thy country; and to have di-

rected upon thy own head the mischief thou hast long been meditating for ours. Could the noble Scipio, when sovereign pontiff, as a private Roman kill Tiberius Gracchus for a slight encroachment upon the rights of this country ; and shall we, her consuls, with persevering patience endure Catiline, whose ambition is to desolate a devoted world with fire and sword ?

There was—there was a time, when such was the spirit of Rome, that the resentment of her magnanimous sons more sternly crushed the Roman traitor, than the most inveterate enemy. Strong and weighty, O Catiline ! is the decree of the senate we can now produce against you ; neither wisdom is wanting in this state, nor authority in this assembly ; but we, the consuls, we are defective in our duty.

Cicero.

THE INEXPERIENCED SPEAKER.

The awkard, untried speaker rises now,
And to the audience makes a jerking bow.
He staggers—almost falls—stares—strokes his chin—
Clears out his throat, and .. ventures to begin.
" Sir, I am .. sensible"—(some titter near him)—
" I am, sir, sensible"—" Hear ! hear ! " (they cheer him).
Now bolder grown—for praise mistaking pother—
He pumps first one arm up, and then the other.
" I am, sir, sensible—I am indeed—
That,.. though—I should—want—words—I must proceed
And.. for the first time in my life, I think—
I think—that—no great—orator—should—shrink—
And therefore,—Mr. Speaker,—I, for one—
Will .. speak out freely.—Sir, I've not yet done.
Sir, in the name of those enlightened men
Who sent me here to .. speak for them—why, then ..
To do my duty—as I said before—
To my constituency—I'll ... say no more."

SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

ADDISON, JOSEPH, born May 1st, 1672, at Milston, Wiltshire, son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, was educated at the Charterhouse and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was destined for the church, but turned his attention to political life, and became eventually a member of parliament, and in 1717, one of the principal Secretaries of State. He first rose into public notice, through his poem on the battle of Blenheim, written in 1704, and entitled, *The Campaign*. He was chief contributor to *The Spectator*. His tragedy of *Cato*, produced in 1713, achieved a great popularity, which, however, has not been permanent. He died on June 17th, 1719. As an observer of life, of manners, of all shades of human character, he stands in the first class.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, an American poet, born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1836. He has been an industrious worker on the newspaper press, and is the author of *Baby Bell*, a beautiful poem of child-death. He has published his collected poems under the title of *Cloth of Gold*, and of *Flower and Thorn*. He is also a prose writer of considerable note, having an exquisite humour. His published novels are *Prudence Palfrey*, *The Queen of Sheba*, *The Stillwater Tragedy*, etc.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE, an eminent critic and poet, born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1813. He studied law, and was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University in 1845, and was closely connected with *Blackwood's Magazine* for many years. He was a poet of the highest order, and his *Execution of Montrose*, and the *Burial March of Dundee*, are two noble historical ballads. He was author of the celebrated *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, *Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy*, *Bothwell*, *Poland*, and *other Poems*, *The Life and Times of Richard Cœur de Lion*, etc. Died August 4th, 1865.

BEECHER, HENRY WARD, a celebrated author and divine, born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 24th of January, 1813. He studied at Amherst College, where he graduated in 1834. In 1847, he became pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational), Brooklyn. He is one of the most popular writers, and most successful lecturers of

the day in the United States. He has published, *Lectures to Young Men*, *Life Thoughts*, a novel entitled *Norwood*, etc.

BRONTE, CHARLOTTE (Currer Bell). A popular English novelist, born at Thornton, Yorkshire, April 21st, 1816, was a daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë. In 1846, in conjunction with her sisters —Anne and Emily—published a small volume of poems. It was as a writer of fiction, however, that Charlotte achieved her great success, and in 1848, her novel of *Jane Eyre*, obtained great popularity, and brought the talented author well merited fame. She afterwards published *Shirley* and *Villette*, both very successful works. In June, 1854, she married the Rev. Arthur B. Nicholls, but after a brief taste of domestic happiness, she died at Haworth, March 31st, 1855. *The Professor*, her first production (written in 1846), was published in 1856, after her death.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, one of the most gifted female poets that have ever lived, the daughter of Mr. Barrett, an opulent London merchant, born near Ledbury, Herefordshire, about 1807. She began to write verse when only ten years of age, and gave early proofs of great poetical genius. At the age of seventeen, she published *An Essay on Mind, with other Poems*, and her reputation was widely extended by *The Seraphim and other Poems*, published in 1838. In 1846, she was married to Robert Browning, the poet, and they lived for many years in Italy. In 1851, she published *Casa Guidi Windows*, the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany, and in 1856, appeared *Aurora Leigh*, a poem, or novel in verse, which is greatly admired. "The poetical reputation of Mrs. Browning," says the *North British Review* (February, 1857), "has been growing slowly, until it has reached a height which has never before been attained by any modern poetess." She died at Florence, June 29th, 1861.

BROWNING, ROBERT, a distinguished English poet, born at Camberwell, London, in 1812. He was educated at the University of London, and in 1836 published his first poem, *Paracelsus*, which attracted much attention by its originality. He has been a voluminous writer, and of all his works, *Pippa Passes*, and *The Blot in the Scutcheon*, are perhaps the best. The *Ring and the Book* appeared in 1868. He is considered by some critics as one of the greatest English poets of his time, but is not very popular.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, an American poet, born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3rd, 1794. At the age of ten years he made very creditable translations from the Latin poets, which were printed, and at thirteen he wrote *The Embargo*, a political satire which was never surpassed by any poet of that age. He

wrote *Thanatopsis* when but little more than eighteen, and it is by many considered as his finest poem. In 1826 he became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, which he continued to edit until his death. He published a complete collection of his poems in 1832, and in 1864. Among his prose works are, *Letters of a Traveller*, and in 1869 he published a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, which is an excellent work. Washington Irving says of Bryant: "That his close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from becoming commonplace." He died June 12th, 1878.

BURNS, ROBERT, the national poet of Scotland, was the son of a small farmer, and was born near the town of Ayr, on January, 25th, 1759. His early life was spent in farming, but he was about emigrating to the West Indies, when the publication of a volume of his poems, in 1786, which were very favourably received, determined him on remaining in his native land, and he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he made the acquaintance of the distinguished men of letters of that famous city. His reception was triumphant, and a new edition of his poems was issued, by which he realised more than £500. In 1788 he was married to Miss Jean Armour (Bonnie Jean), and soon after obtained a place in the excise, and in 1791 he removed to Dumfries, where he spent the remainder of his life. He died on July 21st, 1796. Nature had made Burns the greatest among lyric poets; the most striking characteristics of his poetry are simplicity and intensity, in which qualities he is scarcely, if at all, inferior to any of the greatest poets that have ever lived. "No poet except Shakespeare," says Sir Walter Scott, "ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."

BYROM, DR. JOHN, an English poet, born at Kersal, near Manchester, in 1691. He contributed several pieces to the *Spectator*, of which the beautiful pastoral of *Colin and Phœbe*, in No. 603, is the most noted. He invented a system of shorthand, which is still known by his name. Died at Manchester in 1763.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOEL (Lord), an English poet and dramatist of rare genius, was born in London, January 22nd, 1788. He was educated partly at Harrow, and in 1805 proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. While at College he published, in 1807, his *Hours of Idleness*, a volume of juvenile poems, which was severely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*. Two years later he published his reply, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a satire which obtained immediate celebrity. In 1812 he gave the world the fruits of his travels on the continent, in the first two Cantos of

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. The success of this was so extraordinary that, as he tells us, "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." He then took his seat in the House of Lords, but soon lost his interest in politics. In 1813 he published *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*, and in 1814, *The Corsair.* In January, 1815, he married Anne Isabella Milbank, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank, but the marriage was an unhappy one, and she returned to her father's in the January of 1816. In April, 1816, Byron left his country with the avowed intention of never seeing it again, and during his absence he published, in rapid succession, the remaining cantos of *Childe Harold*, *Mazeppa*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Sardanapalus*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Two Foscari*, *Werner*, and *Don Juan*, besides many other smaller poems. During his residence on the Continent, his sympathies for Grecian liberty became strongly excited, and he resolved to devote all his energies to the cause, and left Italy in the summer of 1823. He arrived in Missolonghi on January 10th, 1824. On February 15th he was seized with a convulsive fit, which rendered him senseless for some time. On April 9th he got wet, took cold and a fever, on the 11th he grew worse, and on the 19th he died, inflammation of the brain having set in. Among the most remarkable characteristics of Byron's poetry, two are deserving of particular notice. The first is his power of expressing intense emotion, especially when it is associated with the darker passions of the soul. "Never had any writer," says Macaulay, "so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy and despair. . . . . From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there is not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master."

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, an eminent British poet, born at Glasgow in 1777. In 1799 he published *The Pleasures of Hope*, of which the success has perhaps had no parallel in English literature. He visited the continent in 1800 and witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which furnished the subject of one of his most exquisite lyrics. *Gertrude of Wyoming*, published in 1809, is one of his finest poems. He wrote several spirited odes, etc., and other literary work, l as placed his fame on an enduring basis. He died at Boulogne, in 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

CARY, ALICE, an American author, born near Cincinnati, Ohio, about 1822. She first attracted attention by her contributions to the *National Era*, under the name of Patty Lee; she afterwards published several volumes of poems and other works, including *Hagar*, *Hollywood*, *etc.* Her sketches of Western Life, entitled *Clovernook*, have obtained extensive popularity. She died, February 12th, 1871.

CARY, PHŒBE, a sister of Alice, has also contributed to periodical literature and in 1854 published a volume entitled *Poems and Parodies.* She died July 31st, 1871.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, an eminent English poet and critic, born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, October 21st, 1772. In 1796, he published a small volume of poems and in 1797, in conjunction with Mr. Wordsworth, he formed the plan of the Lyrical Ballads, for which he wrote the *Ancient Mariner.* In 1800 he removed to Keswick, where he resided in company with Wordsworth and Southey, the three friends receiving the appellation of the Lake Poets. He wrote several excellent works, of which *Christabel* is the best. He led a somewhat wandering life and died on July 25th, 1834. As a poet, he was one of the most imaginative of modern times, and as a critic his merits were of the highest order.

COLLINS, WILLIAM, an eminent English lyric poet, born at Chichester, in 1720. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson, who speaks well of him. His best known work is his excellent ode on, *The Passions,* which did not receive the fame its merits deserve. Before his death, which occurred in 1756, he was for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

COWPER, WILLIAM, a celebrated English poet, originally intended for a lawyer, and appointed as Clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords at the age of 31 years, but his constitutional timidity prevented him from accepting it. He had to be placed in a lunatic asylum for some time. He was born at Berkhampstead in 1731. In 1767 he took up his abode at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, where he devoted himself to poetry, and in 1782 published a volume of poems, which did not excite much attention, but a second volume, published in 1785, stamped his reputation as a true poet. His *Task, Sofa, John Gilpin,* are works of enduring excellence. In 1794 his intellect again gave way, from which he never recovered, and he died at Dereham, in Norfolk, April 25th, 1800.

CROLY, REV. GEORGE, a popular poet, born in Dublin in 1780. He was for many years rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, London, and was eminent as a pulpit orator. His principal works are: *The Angel of the World;* a tragedy, entitled *Cataline, Salathiel,* etc. He died November 24th, 1860.

DICKENS, CHARLES, one of the most successful of modern novelists, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, February 7th, 1812. Intended for the law, he became a most successful reporter for the newspapers, and was employed on the *Morning Chronicle,* in which paper first appeared the famous *Sketches by Boz,* his first work. The

Pickwick Papers which followed, placed him at once in the foremost rank of popular writers of fiction. His novels are so well known that any list of their titles is superfluous. In 1850 he commenced the publication of *Household Words*, which he carried on until 1859 when he established *All the Year Round*, with which he was connected until his death, which occurred very suddenly at his residence, Gad's Hill, Kent, on June 9th, 1870. He left his latest work, *The Mystery of Edwid Drood*, unfinished, and it remains a fragment. It was not merely as a humorist, though that was his great distinguishing characteristic, that Dickens obtained such unexampled popularity. He was a public instructor, a reformer and moralist. Whatever was good and amiable, bright and joyous in our nature, he loved, supported and augmented by his writings; whatever was false, hypocritical and vicious, he held up to ridicule, scorn and contempt.

DRYDEN, JOHN, a celebrated English poet, born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, August 9th, 1631. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he received his degree of M.A. He removed to London in 1657, and wrote many plays, and on the death of Sir William Davenport he was made poet laureate. On the accession of James II. Dryden became a Roman Catholic and endeavoured to defend his new faith at the expense of the old one, in a poem entitled *The Hind and the Panther.* At the Revolution he lost his post, and in 1697 his translation of *Virgil* appeared, which, of itself alone is sufficient to immortalize his name. His ode, *Alexander's Feast*, is esteemed by some critics as the finest in the English language. He died May 1st, 1700.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, one of the most distinguished ornaments of English literature, born at Pallas, Ireland, in 1728. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin and afterward at Edinburgh. He traveled over Europe, on foot, and returned to England in 1756, and settled in London. It was not until 1764 that he emerged from obscurity by the publication of his poem entitled *The Traveller.* In the following year appeared his beautiful novel of the *Vicar of Wakefield.* In 1770 he published *The Deserted Village*, a poem, which in point of description and pathos, is beyond all praise. As a dramatist he was very successful and he produced many prose works. He died in London on the 4th of April, 1774.

GRAY, THOMAS, an English poet of great merit, born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and in 1738 entered the Inner Temple, but never engaged much in the study of the law. In 1742 he took up his residence in Cambridge, where, in 1768, he became professor of modern history. The odes of Gray

are of uncommon merit, and his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* has long been considered as one of the finest poems in the English language. He died in July, 1771. He occupied a very high rank in English literature, not only as a poet, but as an accomplished prose writer.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet, born at Guildford, Conn., July 8th, 1790. He became a clerk in the office of J. J. Astor, and employed his leisure moments in the service of the Muses. In 1819, in conjunction with his friend, Joseph R. Drake, he wrote the celebrated *Croaker Papers*, a series of satirical poems which brought him into public notice. On his martial poem, *Marco Bozzaris*, published in 1827, his fame principally rests, although he has written other pieces of great merit. He died November 19th, 1867.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, a native of Albany, N.Y., has written short stories and sketches of Californian life, and several poems in dialect, of which *The Heathen Chinee*, is the most celebrated. He possesses great wit and pathos, and has been very successful in novel writing, and also in writing for the stage.

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA, an excellent English poet, born at Liverpool, September 25th, 1794, was the daughter of a merchant named Browne. Her first volume of poems was published in 1808. In 1812 she married Capt. Hemans, but the marriage was a very unhappy one and they separated in 1818. She is the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verse that our literature has yet to boast of. "Religious truth, moral purity and intellectual beauty, ever meet together in her poetry." She died in Dublin, in 1835.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, M.D., a distinguished American poet, author and wit, was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29th, 1809. He studied law, but soon left it for medicine, and took his degree of M.D. in 1836. In 1847, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University. He early began writing poetry, publishing a collected edition of his poems in 1836. He is a genuine poet, and as a song writer, has few if any superiors in America, excelling in the playful vein. He is best known by his series of excellent papers, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, published in 1857-8; *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* and the *Poet at the Breakfast Table*. He has also written some successful novels, one of which, *The Guardian Angel*, is one of the best American novels yet produced. He has also written able works on subjects connected with his profession.

HOOD, THOMAS, a famous poet, humorist and popular author, born in London in 1798. He was the son of a bookseller, served an apprenticeship as an engraver, but soon betook himself to literature. In 1821 he was sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. His novels and tales were less successful than his humorous works. Among his most popular poems are :—*The Song of the Shirt, The Bridge of Sighs* and the *Dream of Eugene Aram*. In the latter years of his life—which was one of prolonged suffering—he was editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*. As a punster he is unrivalled, and some of his serious poems are exquisitely tender and pathetic. In all his works a rich current of genial humour runs, and his pleasant wit, ripe observation and sound sense have made him an ornament to English literature. He died March 3rd, 1845.

HUNT, J. H. LEIGH, a popular English poet, born at Southgate, near London, October 19th, 1784. He early turned his attention to literature, and obtained a clerkship in the War Office, which he resigned in 1808, to occupy the joint editorship (along with his brother John) of the *Examiner*. Their boldness in conducting this paper led to their being imprisoned for two years and fined £500 each, for some strictures on the Prince Regent which appeared in its columns. He was a copious writer and his productions occupy a wide range. *Rimini*, written while in prison, is one of his best poems. Prof. Wilson styles Hunt "as the most vivid of poets and the most cordial of critics." He died August 28th, 1859.

INGELOW, JEAN, a native of Ipswich, Suffolk, born about 1826, is the author of several volumes of poems, the first of which ran through 14 editions in five years. She wrote *A Story of Doom* and other poems, published in 1867, *Mopsa the Fairy* in 1869, and several prose stories, etc.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, a distinguished American author and humorist, born in New York City, April 3rd, 1783. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but soon abandoned the legal profession for literature. In 1809 he published his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, a humorous work which was very successful. His works are very numerous, including the famous *Sketch Book, The Alhambra, Conquest of Granada, Life of Columbus, Life of Washington*, etc., etc. For easy elegance of style, Irving has no superior, perhaps no equal, among the prose writers of America. If Hawthorne excels him in variety, in earnestness and in force, he is, perhaps, inferior to Irving in facility and grace, while he can make no claim to that genial, lambent humour which beams in almost every page of *Geoffrey Crayon*. He died November 28th, 1859.

LAMB, CHARLES, a distinguished essayist and humorist, born in London, Feby. 18th, 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. In 1792 he became a clerk in the India House, a post he retained for 33 years. He was a genial and captivating essayist and his fame mainly rests on his delightful *Essays of Elia*, which were first printed in the *London Magazine*. His complete works include two volumes of verse, the *Essays of Elia*, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*, etc., etc. For quaint, genial and unconventional humour, Lamb has, perhaps, never been excelled. He died December 27th, 1834.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, the most popular and artistic of all American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, Feby. 27th, 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and one year afterwards was offered the professorship of Modern Languages at that Institution, which he occupied until 1835, when he accepted that of professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, which he continued to hold until 1854, when he resigned the chair. His poetical works are well known and are very numerous, the most noted of his longer pieces being *Evangeline*, *The Golden Legend*, *Hiawatha*, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, etc. All his poetical works are distinguished by grace and beauty, warmed by a greater human sympathy than is displayed in the writings of the majority of eminent poets. He relies chiefly for his success on a simple and direct appeal to those sentiments which are common to all mankind, to persons of every rank and of every clime. He wrote only three prose works, *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion* and *Kavanagh*, and a few dramas, all of which deserve to rank with the best American productions. *Evangeline* is considered "to be the most perfect specimen of the rhythm and melody of the English hexameter." He died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24th 1882.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, a distinguished American poet, critic and scholar, born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22nd, 1819. He graduated from Harvard, in 1838, and was admitted to the bar, but soon abandoned law as a profession and devoted himself to literature. His *Biglow Papers* first made him popular, in 1848. In 1857, on the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he was made editor of that popular magazine. His prose works consisting chiefly of critical and miscellaneous essays, "show their author to be the leading American critic, are a very agreeable union of wit and wisdom, and are the result of extensive reading, illuminated by excellent critical insight." His humour is rich and unrivalled and he seems equally at home in the playful, the pathetic, or the meditative realms of poetry. In 1880, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain, which office he held until 1885.

LYTTON, LORD. Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, a distinguished novelist, poet, dramatist and politician, was born May, 1805. He was the son of William Earle Bulwer, and owes his chief fame to his novels, some of which are among the best in the English language, notably *The Caxtons, My Novel, What will He do with It?* and *A Strange Story.*" As a playwright he was equally successful; he was the author of *The Lady of Lyons*—the most popular play of modern days;—*Richelieu, Not so Bad as we Seem,* the admirable comedy of *Money,* etc. A man of prodigious industry he showed himself equal to the highest efforts of literature; fiction, poetry, the drama, all were enriched by his labours. As a politician he was not quite so successful. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He assumed the name of Lytton, his mother's maiden name, in 1844, on succeeding to the Knebworth estates. He died January 18th, 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER. The son of the preceding author, better known perhaps by his *nom de plume,* Owen Meredith, born November 8th, 1831. He entered the diplomatic service in 1849, and has represented the British Government with great distinction. His chief works are *Clytemnestra, Lucile, The Wanderer, Fables in Song, The Ring of Amasis,* a prose romance, etc.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, a celebrated historian, orator, essayist and poet, was born at Rothley Temple, Lincolnshire, October 25th, 1800. From his earliest years he exhibited signs of superiority and genius, and earned a great reputation for his verses and oratory. He studied law and was called to the Bar, commencing his political career in 1830, and in 1834 he went to India, as a member of the Supreme Council, returning in 1838 to England, where for a few years he pursued politics and letters, representing Edinburgh in the House of Commons, but being rejected, on appearing for re-election, he devoted himself to literature. During the last twelve years of his life his time was almost wholly occupied with his *History of England,* four volumes of which he had completed and published, and a fifth left partly ready for the press when he died. Besides the *History* and *Essays,* he wrote a collection of beautiful ballads, including the well-known *Lays of Ancient Rome.* In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and in 1857, his honours culminated in his elevation to the peerage as Baron Macaulay. He died on the 28th of December, 1859.

MILTON, JOHN.—An immortal poet, and with the exception of Shakespeare, the most illustrious name in English Literature, was born in Bread Street, London, on December 9th, 1608. He graduated

at Cambridge, and was intended for the law or the Church, but did not enter either calling. He settled at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote his *Comus, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso,* and *Lycidas.* He took the side of the Parliament in the dispute with King Charles I. and rendered his party efficient service with his pen. About 1654 he became totally blind, and after serving the Protector as Latin Secretary for four or five years, he retired from public life in 1657. In 1665, the time of the Great Plague, he first showed the finished manuscript of his great poem, *Paradise Lost,* which was first printed in 1667, this immortal work being sold to a bookseller for £5 ! He afterwards wrote *Paradise Regained,* but it is, in all respects, quite inferior to *Paradise Lost.* He died in London, on the 8th of November, 1674.

Mooke, Thomas, a celebrated poet, born in Dublin, May 28th, 1779, and was educated at Trinity College in that city. He studied law but never practised. He published two volumes of poems previous to the production of *Lalla Rookh,* his masterpiece, which was highly successful and was published in 1817. His works are very numerous and some of them are extremely popular, the best being *Lalla Rookh* and *Irish Melodies.* As a poet he displays grace, pathos, tenderness and imagination, but is deficient in power and naturalness. He died February 26th, 1852.

Poe, Edgar Allan, a distinguished American poet and prose writer, born in Baltimore in 1809. He was an entirely original figure in American literature, his temperament was melancholy, he hated restraint of every kind and he gave way to dissipation, and his life is a wretched record of poverty and suffering. But the *Bells, The Raven* and *Annabel Lee,* his principal poetical works, are wonderfully melodious, constructed with great ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. He wrote several weird prose tales and some critical essays. He died at Baltimore, under circumstances of great wretchedness, October 7th, 1849.

Pope, Alexander, a popular English poet and critic, born in London, May 22nd, 1688. During his childhood he displayed great ability and resolved to be a poet. His *Pastorals* were written at the age of sixteen. He wrote a large number of poems, the most celebrated being the *Essay on Criticism, The Rape of the Lock* and the *Essay on Man.* He also published translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey.* His talent for satire is conspicuous in the *Duncaid.* He possessed little originality or creative imagination, but he had a vivid sense of the beautiful, and an exquisite taste. He owed much of his popularity to the easy harmony of his verse, the keenness of his satire, and the brilliancy of his antithesis. He has,

with the exception of Shakespeare, added more phrases to the English language than any other poet. He died on the 30th of May, 1744.

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE, an English poet, born in London, October 30th, 1825. She was a daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). She was a contributor to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, and published in 1858, a volume of poetry, *Legends and Lyrics*. A second volume was issued in 1861. She died February 3rd, 1864.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, a distinguished American artist and poet, born in Pennsylvania, March 12th, 1822. He visited England and also spent several years in Florence and Rome. He wrote several good poems, but his *Sheridan's Ride*, brought him more popularity than any of his previous works. He died May 11th, 1872.

ROGERS, SAMUEL, an eminent English poet, born in London, July 30th, 1763. He was a rich banker and enabled to devote much leisure time to literature, of which he was a munificent patron. His best works are *Pleasures of Memory*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*, the last appeared in a magnificent form, having cost £10,000 in illustrations alone. Died December 18th, 1855.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, a humorous American poet, born in Vermont, in 1816. He has been most successful in classical travesties and witty turns of language, and he has won a good place as a sonneteer. A complete edition of his poems (the 42nd) was published in 1881.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. An illustrious Scotch author, novelist and poet, born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. He was called to the bar in 1792, and being in circumstances favourable for the pursuit of literature, he commenced his poetical career, by translating several poems from the German. In 1805, he published the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and became at once one of the most distintinguished poets of the age. It was speedily followed by *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake* (1810), and many other poems, all of which added to his fame. In August, 1813, he was offered the position of poet-laureate, which he declined. But he was destined to add to his already great reputation as a poet, by a success equally as great in the realms of prose fiction. In 1814 appeared *Waverley*, published anonymously, and its success was enormous. It was quickly followed by the other volumes of the "Great Unknown," as Scott was now designated, amounting in all to twenty-seven volumes. In 1820 he was created a baronet and his degree of success had been

unparallelled and had raised him to apparent affluence, but, in 1826, by the failure of two publishing houses with which he was connected, he was reduced to bankruptcy. He set himself resolutely to redeem himself from the load of debt (£147,000) but, although successful, his faculties gave way before the enormous mental toil to which they were subjected. He died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21st, 1832. In addition to the poetical works and the Waverly Novels, Scott was the author of many other popular works, too well known to need mentioning here.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.—The greatest poet of England, born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, April 23rd, 1564. Unfortunately the materials for a biography of the poet are very meagre, and are principally derived from tradition. He appears to have been well educated, married very early, when about nineteen years of age, his wife, Anne Hathaway, being then twenty-six. Shortly after this he left Stratford for London, where he became an actor and eventually a writer of plays. His first printed drama (Henry VI., part II.) was issued in 1594. In 1597, he purchased the best house in his native town, and about 1604 he retired to Stratford, where he spent the last twelve years of life, and where he is supposed to have written many of his plays, but we have no means of determining the exact order in which they were composed. He died April 23rd, 1616. His works are of world-wide fame, and need not be enumerated here. The name is often spelled SHAKSPEARE.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.—An eminent English poet, born near Horsham, Sussex, August 4th, 1792. He studied at Oxford, from whence he was expelled for publishing a *Defence of Atheism.* He made an unhappy marriage and soon separated from his wife. He published *Queen Mab, Alsator,* and in 1817 the *Revolt of Islam.* In 1818 he left England, to which he was destined never to return. In July, 1822, (July 8th), while residing at Leghorn, he went out on the Gulf of Spezzia, in a sail boat, which was upset in a squall, and the poet perished. In addition to the poems already mentioned he wrote *The Cenci, Adonais, Prometheus,* and a number of smaller pieces. As a poet he was gifted with genius of a very high order, with richness and fertility of imagination, but of a vague and partly unintelligible character.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER.—A celebrated Irish orator and dramatist, born in Dublin in 1751. He directed his attention to literature, and in 1775 produced the comedy of *The Rivals,* and several other pieces. In 1777, his celebrated comedy of *The School for Scandal,* established his reputation as a dramatic genius of the highest order. He managed Drury Lane Theatre for

some time, and also entered Parliament. His speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings is regarded as one of the most splendid displays of eloquence in ancient or modern times. He died in London, in July, 1816.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT.—An eminent author and poet, born at Bristol, August 12th, 1774. Intended for the church, he studied at Oxford, but abandoned divinity for literature. His first poem was *Joan of Arc*, published in 1796. He was a most voluminous writer, being the author of more than 100 volumes of poetry, history, travels, etc., and also of 126 papers, upon history, biography, politics and general literature. His principal works are *Madoc*, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, *The Curse of Kehama*, lives of *Nelson*, *Bunyan*, *John Wesley*, etc., etc. He was appointed poet laureate in 1813. He died at Keswick, Cumberland, March 21st, 1843.

TENNYSON, ALFRED (Lord Tennyson), a distinguished and the most popular English poet, born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 5th, 1809. He early displayed poetic genius, his first volume (written in conjunction with his brother Charles) entitled, *Poems by Two Brothers*, having been issued in 1827. In 1842, a volume of his poems was published and was most enthusiastically received, since which period his well-known productions have been issued at intervals. We need only mention *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, (a record of the poet's love for Arthur Hallam), *Maud*, *Idyls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, and the dramas of *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, etc. In 1833 he was appointed poet-laureate. Refined taste and exquisite workmanship are the characteristics of all he has written. His range of poetic power is very wide, and as a describer of natural scenery he is unequalled, while his rich gift of imagination, his pure and elevated diction, and his freedom from faults of taste and manner, give him a high place amongst those who are the great masters of song. He was elevated to the peerage in January, 1884, as Baron Tennyson.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—A distinguished English novelist and humourist, was born in Calcutta, July 18th, 1811. He was educated at Cambridge, and at first inclined to be an artist, but after a few years, devoted himself to literature. He gained popularity as a contributor to *Punch*, but his progress in popular favour was not rapid, until in 1846, when he published his *Vanity Fair*, one of his best works, which raised him into the first rank of English novelists. His subsequent works all tended to enhance his popularity. We need only mention *Pendennis*, *the Newcomes*, *History of Henry Esmond*, the *Virginians*, etc. He was also a popular lecturer, and his lectures on the *Four Georges*, and *The English*

Humourists of the Eighteenth Century, were very successful. He edited the *Cornhill Magazine* from 1860 until April, 1862, when he relinquished it, continuing however to write for the Magazine. He died somewhat suddenly on December 24th, 1863, leaving a novel, *Denis Duval*, unfinished. His inimitably graceful style, in which he has been excelled by no novelist, may be in part due to his familiarity with Addison, Steele, Swift and their contemporaries. His pathos is as touching and sincere as his humour is subtle and delicate. His fame as a novelist has caused his poems to be somewhat neglected, but his admirable ballads and society verses, attain a degree of excellence rarely reached by such performances.

THOMSON, JAMES.—A celebrated poet, born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11th, 1700. He went to London to seek his fortune in 1725, and his poem of *The Seasons*, published in 1726-30, was an important era in the history of English poetry, as it marked the revival of the taste for the poetry of nature. Besides the *Seasons*, Thomson wrote some tragedies, which were failures, also what some critics consider his best work, *The Castle of Indolence*, published in 1748. He is often careless and dull, his poetry disfigured by classic allusions to Ceres, Pomona, Boreas, etc., but he had a genuine love of nature, and his descriptions, despite their artificial dress, bear the stamp of reality. He was successful in obtaining a comfortable competence by his literary exertions, and died August 27th, 1748.

TWAIN, MARK (Samuel Langhorne Clemens.) An American humourist, who has achieved great popularity, was born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835, and after an apprenticeship on the "Press," sprang into notice on the publication of his *Innocents Abroad*, published in 1869, a semi-burlesque account of the adventures of a party of American tourists in Europe and the East. *Roughing It*, and other works of his published subsequently, have been equally successful. The qualities of his style are peculiar, slyness and cleverness in jesting being his predominant qualities.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.—The Quaker Poet of America, born December 17th, 1807, near Haverhill, Mass. He passed his early years on his father's farm, but in 1829 he began to be connected with the "Press" and edited newspapers until 1839. He early identified himself with the Anti-Slavery movement and rendered it noble service by his pen and influence. His first work, *Legends of New England*, was published in 1831. His works are very numerous, *Maud Müller* being the best known of his poems, and *Barbara Frietchie* of his poems connected with the Civil War. As a writer of prose he unites strength and grace in an unusual de-

gree, and his poetic effusions are characterized by intense feeling and by all the spirit of the true lyric poet.

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.—A distinguished American poet and writer, born at Portland, Maine, January 20th, 1806. He graduated from Yale in 1827 and devoted himself to literature, publishing a volume in that year which was well received. He wrote between thirty and forty separate publications, in addition to editing the *Evening Mirror* and other periodicals including the *Home Journal*. Though marred by occasional affectation, the sketches of Willis are light, graceful compositions, but the artificiality of his poems have caused them to be neglected. He died at Idlewild, New York, January 20th, 1867.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.—An illustrious English poet, born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770. He studied at Cambridge and took his B.A. degree in 1791. In 1793 (after a residence for a short time in France) he produced his first verses, entitled *An Evening Walk*. In 1798, a small volume entitled *Lyrical Ballads*, was published in conjunction with S. T. Coleridge, but was not a success. In 1800, he settled in Grasmere, Westmoreland, where also resided Southey, Coleridge, de Quincy, and Wilson, to whom the critics applied the term "Lake School." In 1813 he removed to Rydal Mount, where he published *The Excursion* in 1814, *The White Doe of Rylston*, *Peter Bell*, *The Waggoner*, *The Prelude*, etc. In 1843 he was appointed to succeed Southey as poet-laureate. He is undoubtedly a poet of the first rank. Regarding Nature as a living and mysterious whole, constantly acting on humanity, the visible universe and its inhabitants were alike to him full of wonder, awe and mystery. His influence on the literature and poetry of Britain and America has been immense, and is yet far from being exhausted. He died April 23rd, 1850.

YOUNG, EDWARD. An English divine and poet, born at Upham, Hampshire, in 1684. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1727 was ordained and appointed to the living of Welwyn, Hertfordshire. As a poet he excels most in his *Night Thoughts*, which abound with ornate images, but are often very obscure. He wrote several other works. Died in 1765.

AUG 29 1957

FLEX BINDING